CHILHOWEAN
1911

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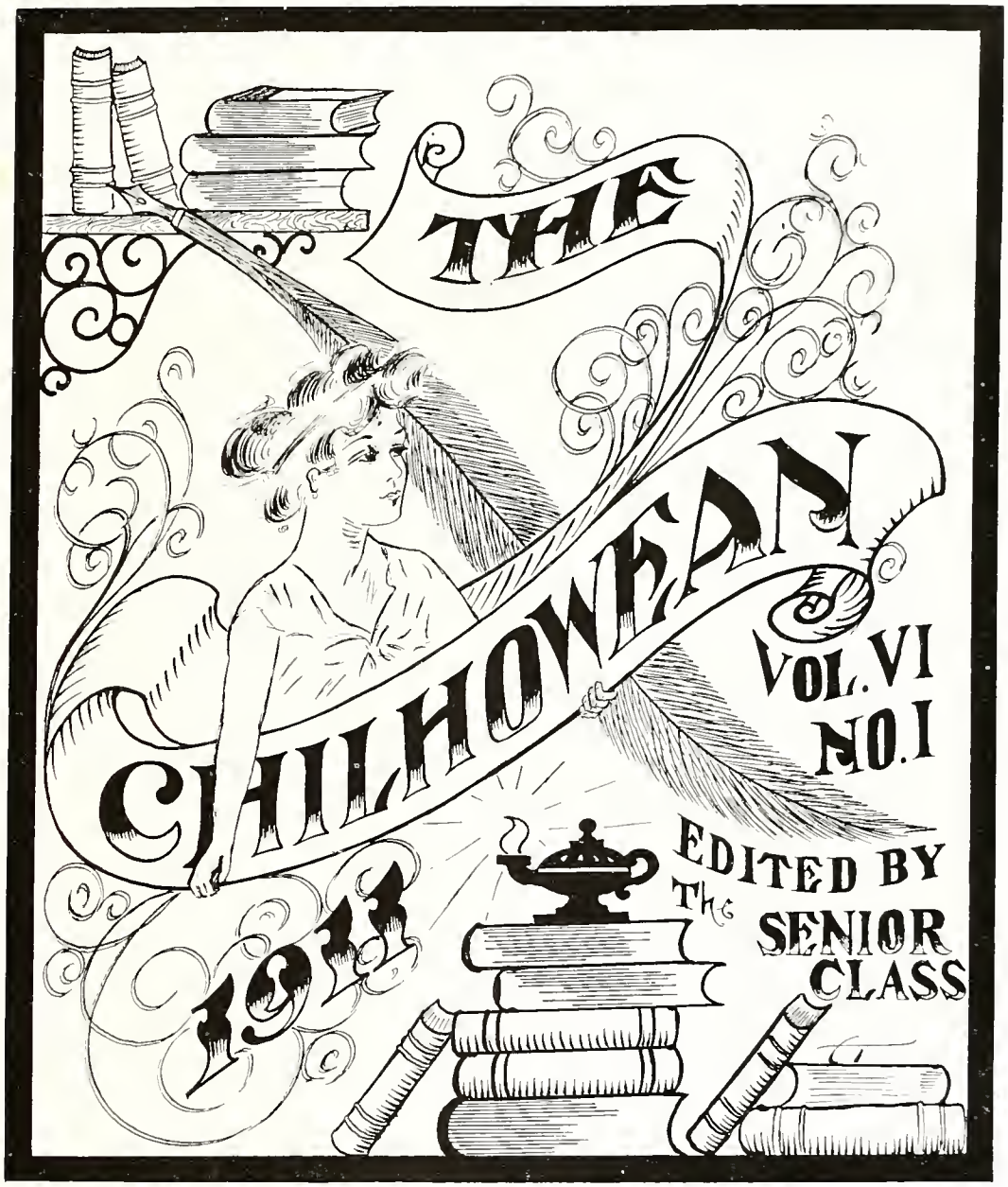
THE
CHILHOWEAN
VOL. VI
NO. I
EDITED BY
THE
SENIOR
CLASS
1911

TO

MRS. PROFESSOR THOMAS JEFFERSON LAMAR

TO WHOSE NOBLE FRIENDSHIP AND FAITHFUL GENEROSITY
MARYVILLE COLLEGE OWES A DEBT OF DEEP
GRATITUDE, IS THIS VOLUME TENDERLY
DEDICATED

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit, still and bright
With something of angelic light."

MRS. LAMAR

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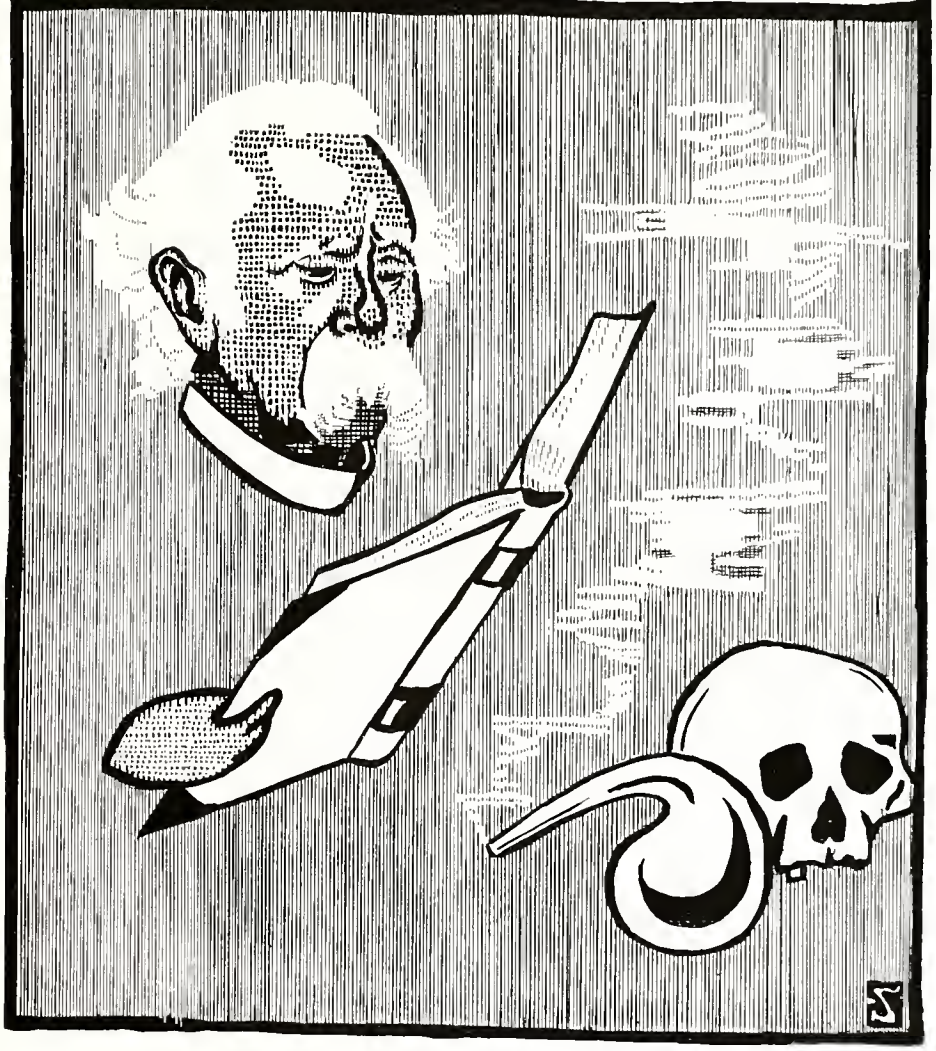

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Foreword

The morning zephyrs stir the leaves; sweet birds awake,
Carol their gladness to the early sun,
Bringing new life; wealth-laden springs the day.
Swift hours great records are to make.

How long, how fair a day? how tempest-filled?
Glistens Chilhowean's high mountain crest.
Potent around its base activities arise.
Echoes the vale with joy new-thrilled.

Momentous period; memorable its work sublime.
Get we to our task—it is not light.
Worthy the deeds and well portrayed must be,
Kept in the chronicles of time.

SENIOR

'11

SENIORS

Class Organization

Motto
"No Surrender"

Colors
Gold and White

Flower
Daisy

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Yells

1908

Rip! Rah! Roo! Rip! Rah! Gee!
Riff! Rah! Riff! Rah! Riff! Ree!
Freshmen! Freshmen! of M. C.!

1909

One I sipple, two I sipple,
Three I sipple, sam,
We'll give a hobble-gobble! sis! boom! rah!
For the S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e.

1910

Katana! Katana! Kataw! taw! taw!
Kazula! Kazula! Kazaw! zaw! zaw!
Juniors! Juniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

1911

Alle-ga-ne-ga-noc!
Alle-ga-ne-ga-noc!
Gold and white!
Stay in the fight!
Never surrender!
S-e-n-i-o-r! !

LLOYD ELMER DYER, *President*
Mohawk, Tennessee

"Titles of honor add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honor to his titles."

Political Science; Alpha Sigma; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '09, '10, '11; Captain Baseball Team, '10; Official Buyer of Athletic Association, '10-11; President of Senior Class, '10-11.

Here's to the future Doctor Dyer,
Whose honest effort ne'er shall tire,
To help humanity expire.

LENA AIKEN

Sanborn, New York

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Latin; Bainonian; Y. W. C. A. Secretary, '09-10; Class Orator Commencement, '11; Leader of Student Volunteer Band, '10-11.

A mission teacher she will be
To heathen kids across the sea.

ROBERT ROY BAKER

"Bob"

Mohawk, Tennessee

"He attains whatever he pursues."

Mathematical; Alpha Sigma; Class Debating Team, '09; Intercollegiate Debating Team, '10; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '11; Winner of 100-yard Dash and Pole Vault, '08.

With scientific methods grand,
This man desires to till the land.

ALVA KYLE BOLTON

"Cobb"

Washington College, Tennessee

"He sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas!"

Mathematical; Alpha Sigma; Baseball Pitcher, '10-11; Captain Baseball Team, '11.

Sweet nature to his will shall bow,
He, too, expects to guide the plow,
Perhaps, sometimes, to milk the cow,
(If his wife won't do it).

WILLIAM FRANKLIN BUCHANAN

"Buck"

Atlanta, Georgia

"Reason firm, a temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Latin; Athenian; Winner 440-yard Dash, '09; Class Debating Team, '09; Secretary Athletic Board of Control, '09; President of Athenian, '09; Manager of Basket Ball Team, '10-11; President of Athletic Board of Control, '10-11.

Behind the bar to spend his life,
To plead relief for some poor wife.

EDWARD HUMPHREY CALDWELL

"Scrub"

Burdick, Kentucky

"Report me and my cause aright."

General; Alpha Sigma.

Prospective preacher is Caldwell,
And may the world with goodness swell
Because he's labored in it.

ANNA BELLE CALLAWAY

"Jude"

Maryville, Tennessee

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

English Literature; Theta Epsilon; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '08, '09, '10, '11; Captain Basket Ball Team, '10-11; Member of Athletic Board of Control, '10-11; President of Theta Epsilon, '11.

Anna Belle will paddle her skiff
Across life's sea by teaching, if —

JENNIE CRAWFORD

"Juanita"

Maryville, Tennessee

"If ever she knew an evil thought,
She spoke no evil word."

English Literature; Bainonian; Treasurer of Bainonian, '08; Secretary of Bainonian, '11; Vice-President of Senior Class, '11.

Gentle Jennie declares her plan
Will be to have a good time if she can.

HENRY RANKIN DUNCAN

"Dunc" "Heine" "Henrae"

Maryville, Tennessee

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."

Political Science; Athenian; President of Athenian, '10; Intercollegiate Debating Team, '10; Class Debating Team, '09; Business Manager of CHILHOWEAN, '11.

With gesture wild and hot debate
He'll seek to snip the strands of fate,
And human woes to mitigate.

ALVIN HUGO FILLERS

Greeneville, Tennessee

"The wise man flees from Society
For fear of being bored."

Mathematical; Alpha Sigma; President of Alpha Sigma, '09; 'Varsity Football Team, '09, '10, '11.

His hopes are fond, his dreams are dear,
The rugged ways of earth to clear
To be a civil engineer.

CLARENCE McMURRY FRANKLIN

"Bennie"

Jefferson City, Tennessee

"Gentle in manner, firm in reality."

Chemistry; Alpha Sigma; Member of Athletic Board of Control, '10-11; Assistant in Physics, '10-11; Treasurer of Class '11.

He'll mix concoctions of chemicals many,
He'll test the metals all and any;
One Jewell alone he'll polish—
That's Bennie.

EUSTIS JULIAN FRAZIER

"Easy J"

Cleveland, Tennessee

"Of fertile mind, of massive heart,
He always acted well his part."

Political Science; Alpha Sigma; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '09, '10; Class Editor, '09-10; Y. M. C. A. Editor, '10-11; Coach of Girls' Basket Ball Team, '10-11; Specialized in Music and Moonshine.

To see, is this one's calling true,
That his fellowman gets justice due,
While Frazier gets the money.

LULA IRENE GIBBS

"Lu lu"

Fountain City, Tennessee

"Thou hast a mind
That suits with this thy fair
And outward character."

English Literature and History; Bainonian; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '10-11; President of College "Y," '10-11; President of Bainonian, Winter Term, '11.

To scrub the kettle, clean the pan,
And tend the flower borders;
To keep as cheerful as she can,
And mind some good man's orders.

FRANCES JANVIER GIBSON

"Sis"

South Charleston, Ohio

"Those true eyes,
Too pure, and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them."

General; Bainonian; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '11; President of Bainonian, '10.

Among the creatures of her kind
She wills to guide the inquiring mind.

WINNIE BELLE GRAY

"Little Gray"

Bearden, Tennessee

"Many days shall see her, and yet
No day without a deed to crown it."

General; Theta Epsilon; President of Theta Epsilon, Fall Term, '07; President of College "Y," '10; President of Y. W. C. A., '10-11; Graduate of Expression, '11.

Our Belle would teach the young possession
Of all their powers of expression.

FLORINE HUNTER

Jonesboro, Indiana

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

General; Bainonian; Class Poet, '11.

Florine, from present indications,
As well as future expectations,
Will always be a Hunter.

RUTH EVA JEWELL

"Bunnie"

Maryville, Tennessee

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

General; Bainonian; President of Junior Class, '09-10.

'T is fitting that Bunnie, so gentle and mild,
Should start the kindergarten child
Upon the search for knowledge.

ANNA ELEANOR KIDDER

"Kidder"

South Knoxville, Tennessee

"As the rose doth its fragrance impart
To the basket in which it is laid,
So you will find, when this person departs,
That her wisdom behind her hath stayed."

Latin; Theta Epsilon; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Secretary of Theta Epsilon, '08; President of Theta Epsilon, '10; Society Editor Southern Co-Ed, '11; Graduate of Expression, '11.

Many an aching heathen frame,
Will call down blessings on her name:
A medical missionary, she.

WALLACE HENRY MARSH

"Bill"

Elizabeth, New Jersey

"Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent; 't is his glory to be good, great, joyous, handsome, and free; winning always the victory."

Classical; Alpha Sigma; Class President, '07-08; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '08-09; Y. M. C. A. Lyceum Manager, '08-09; Basket Ball Manager, '09-11; Treasurer Athletic Association; Assistant in Physiography, '10-11; Assistant Business Manager of CHILHOWEAN, '11.

He'll teach us love to one another,
And help uplift a fallen brother.

MARK ARTHUR MAY

"Chubby"

Telford, Tennessee

"He is so full of pleasant anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks,
And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps
Ere night seems well begun."

Classical; Alpha Sigma; Entered the Class Fall Term, '10; Football Team, '10.

The joys of foolish couples he'll write,
And for the cause of peace he'll wage the fight
From pulpit stand.

NELLIE MAUDE McMURRY

"Pete"

Knoxville, Tennessee

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

General; Theta Epsilon; President of Theta Epsilon, Fall Term, '10; Girls' Physical Director, '09-10.

In many a college Y. W. C. A.,
She'll win her sweet and helpful way,
And bless the girls.

GEORGE WINFIELD MIDDLETON

Lexington, Indiana

"I speak as my understanding instructs me,
And as mine honesty puts it to utterance."

Mathematical; Alpha Sigma; President of Alpha Sigma, Fall, '10; Assistant in Psychology, '10; Instructor in Algebra, '11; Class Orator, Commencement, '11.

He'll cut the sticks and clear the brush
For civilization's onward rush.

ADAM FRANKLIN PENCE

"A-dam"

Limestone, Tennessee

"Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall,
Short lot, or not, to be content with all."

Classical; Alpha Sigma; Entered the Class, Fall Term, '10; Class Baseball Team, '11.

In the field of teaching will stand little Pence,
Until after a while he'll jump the fence
And stand behind the bar.

ADDIE BLANCHE PROFFITT

"Freda"

Maryville, Tennessee

"We've eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise."

English Literature and History; Theta Epsilon; Class Treasurer, '07; President of Theta Epsilon, Fall Term, '07; President of Theta Epsilon, Winter Term, '09; President of Adelphic Union, '10-11; Graduate in Expression, '10; Editor-in-Chief of CHILHOWEAN, '11.

Her purpose is this for what she'll be:
"I'll let some one else decide for me."

JOSEPH MARSHALL RANKIN

"Joe"

Fountain City, Tennessee

"Genius and beauty in harmony blend."

Mathematical; Athenian; President of Athenian, Fall Term, '09; Physical Director for Boys, '09; Graduate in Piano, '10; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '11; Manager Track Team, '11; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10.

All the rich music of his soul,
The angels shall descend to hear,
While mighty crowds aloud extol,
Or silent, wipe the tender tear.

PHILIP LELAND ROBINSON

"P. L."

Citronelle, Alabama

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man."

General; Alpha Sigma; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10; Alpha Sigma Quartette; Senior Quartette; Y. M. C. A. Quartette; Assistant in Biology, '10; Manager of Y. M. C. A. Lyceum Course, '10-11; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '10-11.

Now P. L. with his Senior looks,
And with his love for men and books,
Association man is he,
A Y. M C. A. Sec. to be.

LAURA McLIN SHEDDAN

"Mac"

De Land, Florida

"There is a character in her face
That to the observer doth her history fully unfold."

English Literature and History; Bainonian.

The gentle McLin in her turn
Shall make the fires of learning burn
On many a youthful altar.

GEORGE REED SHELTON

"Sister"

Columbia, Kentucky

"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland,
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

Chemistry; Athenian; Class Editor, '11; President of Athenian, Fall, '08; Assistant in Chemistry, '09-10-11; Art Editor of CHILHOWEAN, '11.

In his fine nature an artist,
And in his looks,
And must he spoil his gentleness
Teaching books?

GEORGE THOMAS WILSON

"Tom" "Trustee"

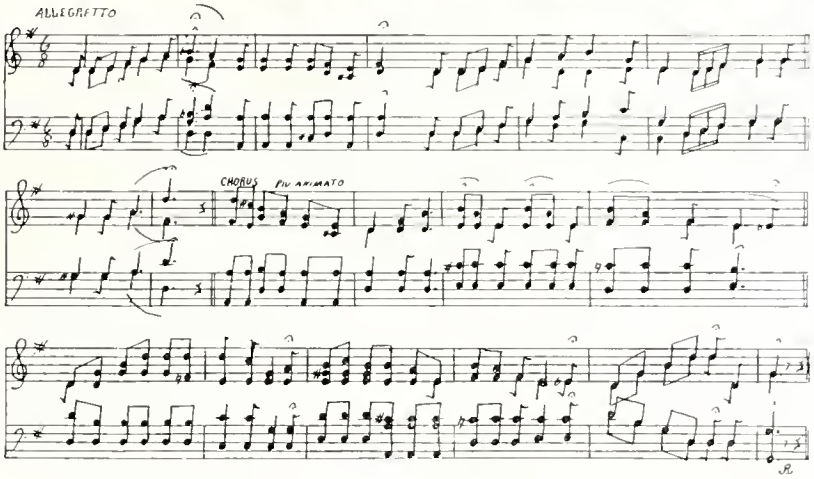
Rhea Springs, Tennessee

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?"

General; Alpha Sigma; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '08, '09, '10, '11; President of Class, '08-09; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., '09; 'Varsity Football Team, '08, '09, '10; Winner of Cross Country Run, '09; President of Alpha Sigma, '11; Specialized in Trig.

'T is Tom whose great unselfish smile
Keeps beaming, glowing all the while,
Will cheer the sad and love the weak
And words of ordained comfort speak.

SURVIVAL of the FITTEST



The 'Levens

Hark, hark! The song of Seniors,
Oh, sing we blithe and gay,
We love our school, we keep the rule,
We're gleeful at our play.

We stand for truth and honor,
We love the clean and just,
And fair our name and high our aim
The class our teachers trust!

Our Daisy's snowy petals,
Remind each heart "Be pure."
As firm they hold to their center of gold,
They bid each heart "Endure!"

As Daisy-points diverging,
Yet joined, the White to Gold.
United as they our hearts for aye
The Maryville spirit hold.

CHORUS

Maryville's Class of Eleven are we,
Busy and happy as Seniors should be.
Bright are the days that are hastening o'er us,
Bright is the future that's beck'ning before us,
Maryville Seniors are we.

Four Years in Maryville College History

ON the third of September, nineteen hundred and seven, sixty verdant youths and maidens awkwardly, yet defiantly, filed into the "Freshman Rows" of Voorhees Chapel. Upon being safely seated among his host of classmates, each boy was able to return with all due ferocity the backward sneering glances of the occupants of the seats just in front, commonly recognized as Sophomore property. The girls became lost in admiring the wonders of art displayed "appropriately" about the room. But, alas, after enduring for a month the blazing intellectual rays that emanated from the geometric-trigonometric brow of Dean Waller, the fresh, new-mown greenness of those youths and maidens was sufficiently "cured."

Now, thirty husky lads, large as life and twice as natural, were not long in realizing their native strength. The Sophomores were soon repulsed and the Freshmen breathed more freely and proceeded to enjoy themselves as healthy Freshmen should. The year passed on to its close, and as the Senior Class of '08 received their diplomas, the full significance of Sophomore wisdom burst for the first time upon the swelling brains of the Class of '11.

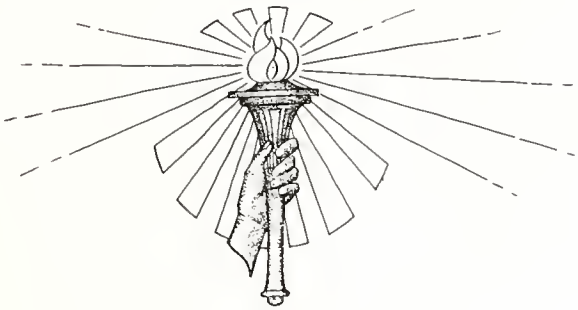
In the fall of 1908, the Sophomores, in all the strength of their newly developed wisdom, began to rule over and dominate the numerous awkward and unsophisticated Freshmen. And right well did they perform their duty, for perfect submission prevailed throughout the entire extent of the concatenation of Sophomoric events. Ah! but their pride was justifiable when they perceived the timid green things bow on trembling knees before the force of their superior wisdom. Those Sophomores were, indeed, modest in those days, else they would have graduated in the spring of '09. The Seniors were jealous of their superior intelligence, and the awe-inspired Faculty would never have dared refuse them their diplomas. When the Class of '09 retired with their sheepskins, the '11 Class was in condition to appreciate the chemistry of laboratories and the weighty books of Junior-hood.

1909, and the '11 Class was again on hand, somewhat altered in personnel, but full of fire and ambition. They had emerged from the Freshman woods, passed the narrow valley of Sophomore Wisdom, and now they found themselves toiling in earnest up the hills of knowledge. With every power put to

active use and with a full realization of their work and ability, the Class of '11 bent to their books, and no mean results were attained. Duncan and Baker entered the lists to help M. C. do battle with Tusculum and Carson-Newman in the fields of oratory and debate. And how they acquitted themselves is already a pleasant item of history at Maryville. So, although books were not neglected, yet social life was not engulfed thereby. The '11 Class had won from the Faculty the appellation, "A class to be trusted," and hence were allowed many privileges which were not abused. But it was their books that the Juniors loved most.

Emerging from the intricacies of the chemical laboratories, the Class went forth into space to journey by means of astronomical charts through the universe from zenith to nadir. But even this joy came to an end, and exams were over at last.

With what tumultuous heart beats did the members of the '11 Class watch those of '10 carry off from Voorhees Chapel their degrees, for that meant only one more mountain to climb before '11 should leave behind forever the blissful state of ignorance and face the sea of knowledge, broad, boundless, and blissful. How far will the Class sail out upon that sea, upon which no man has yet been able to go beyond the rough breakers along the shore?



1911 Class Poem

Pluck a Daisy from the green,
Take its petals one by one,
And each petal gives a thought of college days.
College days are well-nigh gone.
Now we take a backward glance,
As we stand so near the parting of the ways.

Much had come those first three years,
Giving college life a zest,
But the taking of our great and final year,
Packed so full of myriad things,
Proving new and good and sweet,
Seemed the climax of our joy, our hope, our fear.

Twenty-nine, our girls and boys—
Here our noble absent mate
Tenderly we mention, jolly, brave, and true.
Hold we well our chapel pews,
Have good times at every turn,
Keep things lively, and we always push things through.

To our members living near
Who have shown us royal time,
Here's to them in sparkling draughts with all our heart.
Pranks and teasing we've thrown in,
Lessons with a will we've done.
In all th' doings on our Hill we've had our part.

To our matchless college Head,
—Of the truly great is he!—
Loved, revered, all honor in the highest be!
To our noble teaching force,
For their goodness and their sense,
Our appreciation sweet we'd have them see.

To the ones who have controlled,
Those who've lighted, warmed, and fed—
None more faithful, none more needed none more kind—
Dear old fellow-student chums,
Dear old College, all in all,
Our hearts with happy thanks sincere so full we find.

Look we back with joyous pride;
Look we forward without fear.
One unbroken band for Jesus Christ are we.
Twenty-nine with steady nerve,
Twenty-nine with quickened heart,
Twenty-nine to live and labor, strong and free.

So, though we must scatter far,
What the matter? What the loss?
Maryville is ours for aye, we will not fail.
So "Commencement, come!" we cry;
We are well equipped, we know.
Here's to Maryville and Future, hail! all hail!

A Senior Ghost Story

Listen, my comrades, and you shall hear
In a simple rhyme that jingles clear,
Of a Senior stunt on Hallowe'en—
The cutest stunt that's yet been seen.

"The dignified Seniors, a trick"? you say?—
A dignified prank in a dignified way;
For this is the way it came about:
The Sophs in masquerade were out.

Gathered—so many—in weird array,
Companions unknown, they marched away
To seek the place where witches wise
Reveal sweet paths to paradise.

Stately they walked while ghostly groan
With jibberish queer and dreadful moan—
And, hark! what means that call?
Strange sounds did on the night air fall.

By mated Earth-beings party-bound,
Through tortuous, gloomy ways they wound,
To halt at last before the gate,
Where ghostly pastimes were in wait.

Whereon mysteriously aside
Near half the ghostly throng did glide—
"Nine 'rahs for Seniors!" rose the yell,
To tell the Sophs we fooled them well.

Then leaving them their evening's play,
The happy Seniors walked away.
At Pearsons, till the hour was late,
We sang, we talked, we laughed, we ate.

Then came the Sophs—believe it, dears!
Their frolic o'er, all smiles and cheers.
So here's to Sophs, good-natured still,
Here's to all Hallowe'en good will.

A FEW SCENES OF HAPPY COLLEGE DAYS

JUNIOR

JUNIORS

Motto

Θάρσει παρέσται μηχανὴ δραστήριος.

Colors
Violet and White

Flower
Violet

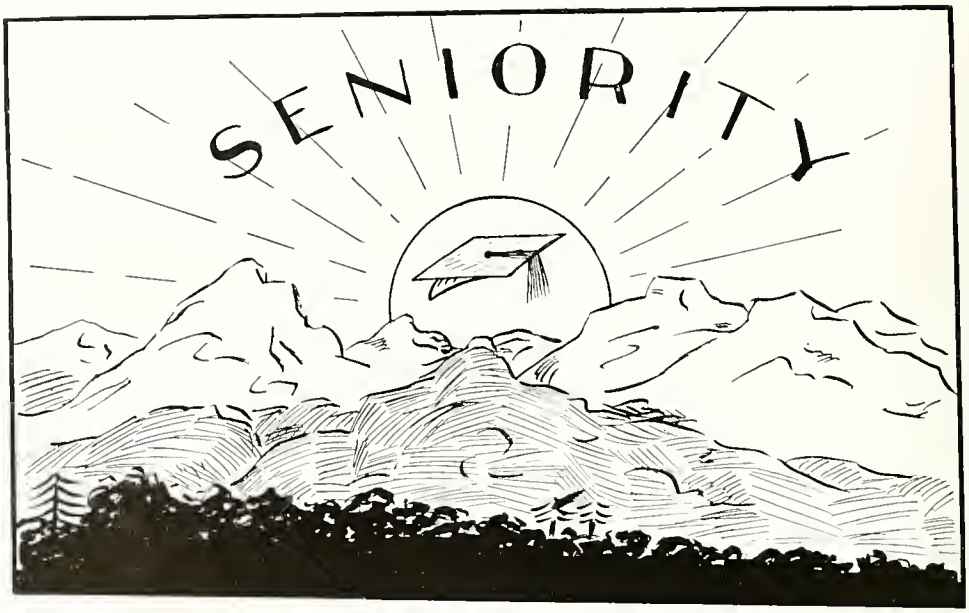
Yell

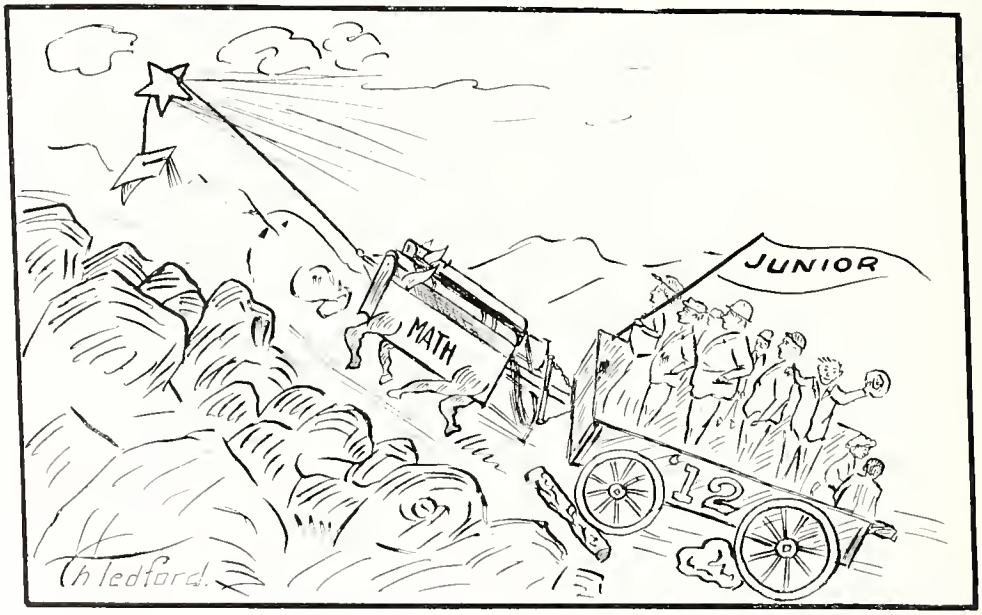
Junior, Junior, something classy,
In for fun and folly,
Lovely, handsome, modest, gassy,
Nineteen-twelves so jolly.
Rah! Junior!

OFFICERS

OLGA MARSHALL . . . . . *President*
WILLAMETTE BAYS . . . . . *Vice-President*
SAMUEL WALKER . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*
NELLIE JOHNSTON . . . . . *Editor*

JUNIOR CLASS





"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR"

The Picture Composite

In a famous old town,
Where art of renown
May be seen in a stately old hall,
Men often will speak
Of a picture unique,
Claiming interest keen from them all.

This is a face
On which you may trace
The marks of a splendid physique.
On the gridiron he's quick,
Plays the game like a brick—
Takes praise with a countenance meek.

Aside from this health—
In itself immense wealth—
Convivial lines are in view;
No monocled fop,
With his low brow on top,
But one who is jolly and true;

Who has a "Big Stick,"
Downs wrong mighty quick
With a swift and a terrible blow;
Who leads in the fight
To make things go right,
And all he assumes he makes go;

One who has eyes,
And makes himself wise
Of the beauties in nature so rare;
On a canvas so clean
Paints all that is seen
On earth, in the sky, in the air.

Orpheus long
Has sung him his song,
And he can repeat it just right,
To thrill all hearts through
And make each one do
Just all that he can with his might.

He formulates planks
In political ranks;
The feminine vote he'll uphold;
The president's chair
Shall hold a maid fair;
She'll not sell decisions for gold.

As a lawyer so bold,
He would uphold
The right of the U. S. to boss
Her resources so great
In natural state,
And save us incredible loss.

Again at this face
Look, you may trace
The fine lines of culture so rare;
He couches each thought
As a pedagogue ought
In a Varsity classical chair.

He loves all mankind;
He'll help them to find
The noblest and best way to live;
Though Hottentots make
Rich soup of his pate,
To them his best years he will give.

This photo unique
Is not of a freak.
'T is a picture composite you see.
Each '12 forms a place
In this perfect face—
May success crown these leaders to be!

SOPHOMORE

Colors
Crimson and Gray

Motto
Loyalty!

Yell

Chee wah! chee wah! chee wah way!
Thirteen rahs for Crimson-Gray!
This our motto—"Loyalty!"
Sophomores! Sophomores! Chee wah wee!

OFFICERS

GRACE JEWELL ..... *President*
WM. T. ROBISON ..... *Vice-President*
RALPH W. OWENS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
ETHEL FANSON ..... *Editor*
GORDON LYLE ..... *Mascot*

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Hymn To a Freshman

To him who in the love of Slumber holds
Communion with her audible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer moods
She has a voice of snoring and a tone
And eloquence of sawing, and she glides
Into his darker nightmares with a dread
Of raging Sophomores, who steal away
His freshness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of a real, raging war come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of stern Sophomores, both shroud and pall,
And well-earned hazing, and the dungeon dark,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth into the land of dreams and list
To Slumber's wooings, while from all around—
Senior and Sophomore and the little Preps—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few naps and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the classroom
Where thy remarks were made 'twixt drowsy yawns;
Nor in the span of memory shall exist
Thine image. Sleep that captures thee shall claim
Thy growth, to be resigned to Sleep again,
And, lost to all activity, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To dream and dream away thy life in peace,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.
And so to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Round thee goes on
The hubbub of the college world, the sports,
The heroes of the team—the wise, the good,
Fair maids, and hoary profs of ages past,
All as on urgent business bent.

* * * * * *

So sleep that when the summons comes to join
The hunger-driven, pushing mob that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His tagged chair in the spacious dining hall,
Thou go not with the early-rising throng
Eager for conquest, but sustained and soothed
In thine unbroken sleep, lie still in bed
And closer wrap the drapery of thy couch
About thee and resume thy pleasant dreams.

Sophomore History

Hail, the conquering heroes come—
Sophomores, twenty-five and one—
Bold, courageous, learn'd, and fair;
Renowned and lauded everywhere.

TO swell the number of our Class of 1913, seventeen States have contributed fair daughters and brave sons. They come with firm, elastic step, confident in their ability, not only in the realm of knowledge, but also in the field of athletics, and in the social world. Earnest, active, brave, they take their places, fighting the good fight, and deserving their position in the halls of fame. From our ranks have been chosen representatives of every field of endeavor.

Out of our midst, the Varsity football team has chosen two. Three fair maidens have helped to hold the basket ball record unbroken, while several more are making rapid strides towards perfection in this field. The Sophomore girls have a team of their own, as quick and strong a team as can be found anywhere, merely awaiting some worthy opposition to prove their powers to the world. We are represented on the track team, and may well expect success along this line. What Soph does not remember with a thrill of pride our victory on the diamond last spring? "Nobly fought, and nobly won," best expresses the battle put up by the "Crimson and Gray." In debate, too, the present Sophomore Class carried off the honors. In the literary field, also, preference has been given our Class. From among our ranks the *Southern Co-Ed* has sought its Editor-in-Chief, and likewise the Bainonian Literary Society, for we are "the men of both brawn and brain."

One of the most successful social events of the year was the Sophomore Class party, on Hallowe'en night. From the first moment that the mysteriously sheeted and masked figures began to assemble in Pearson's Hall, the fun began. From then on there was nothing but fun. Under the escort of our allies, the Seniors, who all unknown to us had joined the masked procession of the Sophs, we made our way up hill, down hill, round and round to some mysterious place, we knew not where. At last we found ourselves at the home of Miss Christine Alexander, who, we then learned, was to be our hostess. After bidding our Senior escort a fond farewell at the corner, we went in and unmasked. Spec-

ulation was rife as to who had been partners on that eventful journey. On reaching the parlor, we found everything in readiness for a genuine Hallowe'en celebration. The house was appropriately decorated. Every conceivable kind of Hallowe'en game was played, fortunes told, and ghost stories read by the dim light of candles, while nimble fingers deftly toasted marshmallows over their flickering flames. Apples, oranges, nuts, candy, doughnuts, salads, pumpkin pies, and all sorts of good things to eat were served. Everything was mysterious and ghostly, and by eleven o'clock we were in a suitable frame of mind to be introduced to the sacred realm of the dead. What was witnessed in that realm, what was experienced there, is far too harrowing to mention. Once outside, our enthusiasm burst forth in lusty "rahs," which might be heard far and wide. So ended one of the most delightful evenings of the whole year—"The Sophomore Class Party."

Another jolly evening was spent by the girls at their "Sophomore Feast." This was held Friday evening, January 27th, in the room of two of our classmates, Ruth Newell and Grace Elmore, in Pearsons Hall. That we had a good time the accompanying photograph will show. It was a typical girls' feast. There is no little mystery concerning certain noises made around Baldwin that night about ten forty-five, which can only be satisfactorily explained by the three Sophomore girls living there. It was worth it, though, as any one of them will tell you.

So we review our past as Freshmen with pride, and our passage to the Sophomore year with satisfaction. May our future achievements eclipse all that have gone before.

FRESHMEN

Motto

"Reperimus viam, aut facemus."

Colors
Orange and Black

Flower
Pansy

Yell

Rackety—kax—koax—koax!
Rackety—kax—koax—koax!
Who are, who are, who are we?
Nineteen-fourteen! Don't you see!

OFFICERS

RALPH CARSON . . . . . *President*
MAYME MAXEY . . . . . *Vice-President*
OSCAR MOORE . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*
WILEY RUTLEDGE . . . . . *Editor*

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Autobiography of a Note Book

NOTEBOOKS are generally dry and tiresome. Some one is to blame. I am nearly full of notes and am quite as interesting as a story, not only on account of the knowledge I contain, but also on account of the reminiscences connected with me.

It was at the beginning of the Fall Term that I came into the limelight. With several others of my family I was reposing in the show-case of the book room. A crowd of students came in to make purchases. I was selected by a Freshman girl, and after the necessary financial arrangements had been made, my mistress and I launched out upon the uncertain sea of college life, with nothing but conscience to guide us through its "multifarious anfractuosities."

About the middle of October I was loaned to an honorable resident of Carnegie Hall, who desired to absorb some of my valuable information. This was an experience entirely new to me, for my new surroundings were very elegant compared with my country home. Across one corner of the room there was a window seat, from which there was said to be a magnificent view. I never saw that view, however, for various reasons. During the course of the first evening of my visit I was unceremoniously hurled at one of the occupants of the room who was comfortably seated in that corner. The aim was not true and I landed in the corner under the window seat. It is needless, I suppose, for me to explain that I remained there for weeks and weeks. Being unused to the ways of boys, I fully expected to be swept out the next morning,

but not so! But I was not lonesome; a pair of shoes, a Greek textbook, a toothbrush, a bag of crackers, the remains of a chair, an umbrella, and a "Southern Co-Ed" came to join me.

While I was thus reposing amid dust and deadly germs, I heard many wonderful tales. The Freshmen and Sophomores had, by accident, been called to meet at the same hour in the same room. Evidently the Sophs had forgotten that they had "gone up a peg," and insisted upon occupying the same room they had occupied as Freshmen. When argument and eloquence failed to dislodge the Freshmen, both classes "simmered down," so to speak, and harmony(?) prevailed.

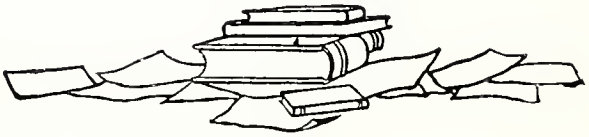
About that time some of the Sophomores were heard to say that they wished the "Freshies" would "start something." The Freshmen, wishing to be accommodating, decided to give them a chance to do their worst. The boys of the class collected at Carnegie Hall one night and hied them over hills and through woods to a certain log cabin, carrying with them a month's provisions. A fire was soon roaring in the great old-fashioned fireplace, and in due time the month's provisions had entirely disappeared. There were speeches, stories, jokes, and songs. Never a Soph appeared on the scene. They were all in the "Land of Nod."

From my corner under the window seat, I heard vivid accounts of the class parties held on Hallowe'en night. The Freshmen made enthusiastic remarks about fortunes, dates, and "eats." I heard, too, that the Sophs, dressed as ghosts, had about twenty-five extra ghosts among their number whom they did not discover until they reached their destination. The uninvited ones proved to be Seniors. Well! There are fewer than thirty in the Sophomore Class, and we sincerely hope they will know each other by sight, at least, by the spring of nineteen-thirteen.

A few days before the Christmas vacation I was unearthed, so to speak, together with my friends, the umbrella, the Co-Ed, and the crackers. I was carried to a basket ball game that afternoon and overheard some more interesting conversation.

I was placed upon the shelf when we returned from the basket ball game, and remained there until the second of February, when my mistress took me down once more to record our victory over the Sophomores in the wrestling

match. This is a good beginning, and we expect to win the debate, of course, which will add several stars to our crown. I wish I could have the privilege of telling you about that, but I must go into oblivion now. My mistress has purchased a new notebook and is going to put me away to be kept as a souvenir. I regret that my career must end, but I consider it a very great piece of good fortune to have been a *Freshman* notebook. Nine 'rahs for THE FRESHMEN!



FRESHMAN LIFE

PREPS

Fourth Year Preps

See the Preps, with great ambition,
Peeping o'er the College wall!
Said they all, with great derision,
When they entered in the fall,

"We will not remain in Prepdom;
With the coming of the year
We will enter into College,
Tho' the effort cost us dear."

Ah, there, Fourth Year Preps, be careful,
Guarding o'er the College wall
Stand two grave and stern Professors;
"With exactness grind they all."

"Where's your seventy in Latin?
Where's your seventy in Math?
Halt there! For without that password
You'll not tread the College path."

But the Class of '15 enters,
Colors flying—Hail! all hail!
Showing to those stern-faced Mentors,
"There is no such word as fail."

THIRD PREP. LASS

Is there any class so dear,
Is there any quit so near,
To the heart of each girl and boy,
As the "Third Year Prep." — our joy?

Why? In games, who comes out best?
In all that they do they are blest
Proudly on their banner bold
Shine the colors — white and gold —

Stately, noble, kind, and true,
Faithfully all things they do.
Gay, and happy, e'er they smile
Pass they through life, mile by mile

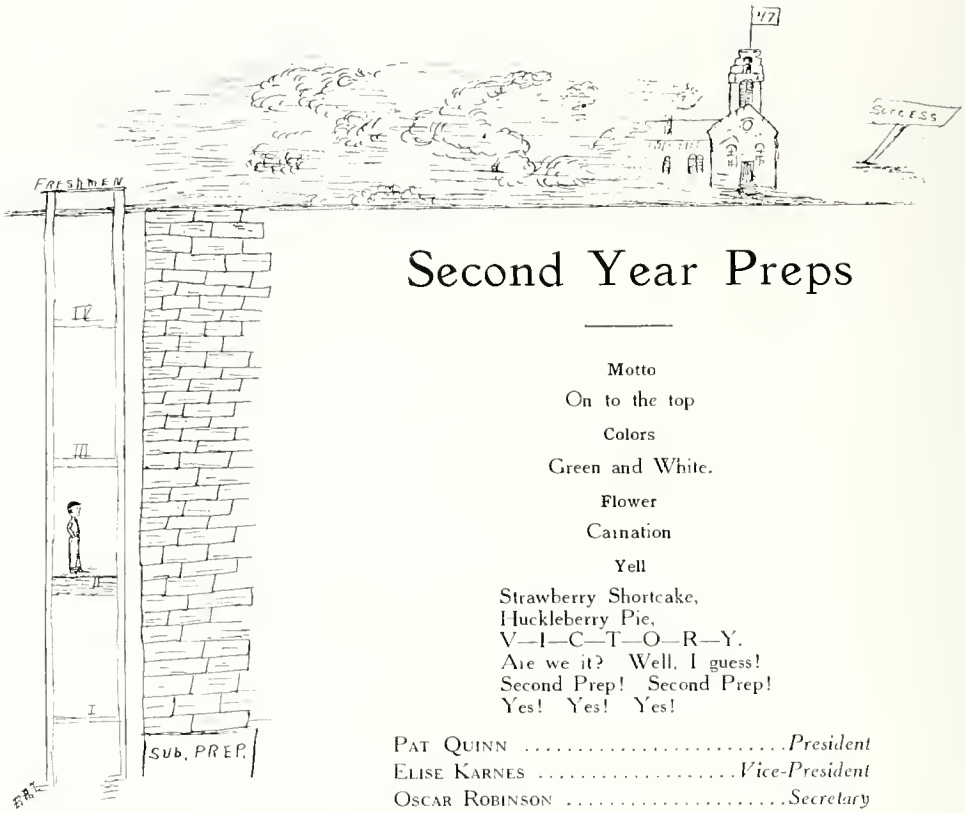
This "Third Year Prep." all do praise,
Friends do say "what glorious days
They have here" — but friends so dear,
'Tis kindness true that cheers us here.

Then give three cheers for this dear class,
Bright, gay, like a bonny lass,
And three more too, for "white and gold"
Which will in memory ne'er grow old

Members

John H. O'Hair, Pres. Edna Foster, V. P. P. A. Van Tress, Sec'y and Treas.

A. M. Adams, H. Bryan, L. Burian, E. Burns, C. L. Caldwell, H. A. Callaway, V. Cantrell, R. W. Carver, T. W. Cantrell, F. E. Clemens, M. L. Clemens, E. Condry, Ch. Conrad, H. H. Cox, M. T. Crane, D. B. Creech, E. E. Dawson, E. L. Dawson, L. Dean, G. Devereaux, B. Dykes, G. Grice, L. Elmore, L. Fletcher, M. Ford, E. E. Foster, F. F. Hale, F. Hall, C. R. Hall, M. Harper, C. Henry, L. C. Henry, G. R. Hicks, P. Heeler, A. L. Little, B. Lowry, E. McBee, N. McCallie, E. McCurry, C. McCurry, W. E. McGaha, B. McGinley, N. McQueen, J. McReynolds, W. Martin, A. C. May, N. Morehead, L. Murray, B. Nicely, J. Norton, E. Ogle, F. O'Hair, M. Tannell, W. Pleasant, D. W. Proffitt, R. Rankin, J. Rose, R. Smith, E. Speck, M. Taylor, D. Tedford, P. Tedford, Ch. Thompson, G. Towe, W. Walker, L. G. Webb, J. Williams, E. Williamson, R. Work



Second Year Preps

Motto

On to the top

Colors

Green and White.

Flower

Carnation

Yell

Strawberry Shortcake,
Huckleberry Pie,
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y.
Are we it? Well, I guess!
Second Prep! Second Prep!
Yes! Yes! Yes!

PAT QUINN ..... *President*
ELISE KARNES ..... *Vice-President*
OSCAR ROBINSON ..... *Secretary*

First Year Preps

OFFICERS

President ..... W. Kate Hill
Vice-President ..... Jack C. Willis
Treasurer ..... Medley Crum
Secretary ..... M. Fay Wrinkle

MEMBERS

Geo. F. Armitage
Azalea Bailey
Mary L. Baker
Velma Baker
George Bays
Randall Blanchard
Zula Brakebill
James A. Braswell
Elmer Brewer
Leatha F. Bright
R. Starr Bryden
Alton D. Bryson
Mary Burchfield
Inez N. Callaway
Lillian Campbell
M. Hoyt Campbell
Manville D. Coile
Wayne E. Coley
Manuel Corp
Medley Crum
Stanford B. Curry
Sidney Lee Darwin
Horace Dawson
Rachael Deaderick
Wm. Fullerton Douglass
Elizabeth Dunlap
Arthur Edwards
S. Ester Farmer
Lavinia Fisher
Bertha Gamble
Otha Gibson
Katherine Goddard
Myrtle Goddard
Georgie M. Goldstone
Bessie Griffitts
Arthur A. Hale
Irene K. Harper
Clarence C. Harris
Nellie L. Hawn
Earle C. Henderson
Cordelia Henry
W. Kate Hill
Cora F. Hopkins
Chas. A. Huff
Jessie Huffstetler
M. Clyde Hunt
Reed Hunt
Mack Huskey
Sam Hutchison
Isaac Jones
Ramiro Justiniani
Edgar Keeble
M. Estelle King
Ernest C. Kingsolver
K. Russell Kirk
French Kittrell
Sara Kittrell
Essie Lee
Kate Leeper
George R. Lovingood
Edna Lloyd
Kate Lloyd
George W. Loy
James W. Loy
Newton S. McCall
Emma McCully
Maud E. McCully
Hicman McDonald
Talmage Magaha
C. Beecher McCampbell
Thos. Lamar McConnell
Henry Lee Marcum
Herbert R. Martin
Mamie Martin
Lucile Means
Corliss Mitchell
Charles Moore
Frank Morphew
Nola Morton
Nora Belle Owen
Erskine Painter
S. Julian Parks
Wm. Barney Parks
Herman O. Pile
Lewis L. Poats
Hubert Prickett
James Raulston
Olive Reeser
Hugh E. Robertson
W. E. Oscar Roberson
Edith Rutherford
Mary Seaton
Kate Belle Sheddan
Grady A. Sikes
Hubert W. Sikes
Ned Skolnick
John Susong
Sue Ella Susong
Hubert Tucker
Robert C. Tye
Elsie Walker
George W. Walker
Lora T. Walker
Rufus Walker
Trissie Whetsell
Margaret E. White
Jack C. Willis
Elizabeth Wine
Mabel Fay Wrinkle

The Astronomy of Maryville

(Of interest mostly to College Hill people.)

Behold the Maryville Almanac,
It gives the signs of the zodiac,
For College Hill's astronomy
Is something wonderful to see.
The most of all we need a sign
For strange, mysterious, sweet moonshine.

Although abundant, truth to tell,
One scarcely can define it well.
We entertain a happy hope
That "Sister" 'll make a spectroscope,
And analyze a new moonbeam,
And prove that things are what they seem.

Astronomers, devout and old,
This cause of M. C. moonshine hold:
A great, eternal sun of love
Shines on the moon from far above;
The moon reflects its golden light
On hearts that some time may unite.

But when is moonshine most sublime?
It glimmers nearly all the time.
But "Buck" will tell us by and by,
For he is soaring in the sky;
He leads the yells up on the moon.
He'll bump the earth again right soon.

This year of nineteen-'leven still
Brings much of joy to College Hill.
There shall, before the midst of June,
Be four eclipses: one, the moon;
The others—of the planets, three—
Are only seen in Tennessee.

The first on June the eighth begins,
Continues till September wins
Our moon back to us, clear and bright,
Our hearts to fill with new delight.
The planets enter, each in turn,
And soft and dim their pale lights burn.

Uranus-Marsh will not appear
To dim the moonlight of this year;
And Neptune-Wilson's in eclipse
Because of recent Texas trips.
On Jupiter-Dyer the shadow's fall
Is only seen in Baldwin Hall.

But Pence will shoot into infinite space;
We'll ne'er again behold his face.
At perihelion Tweed so near will be,
That Ida-Vega's smile he'll see.
Now Loy is Venus, evening star,
And her companion, Mercury-Orr.

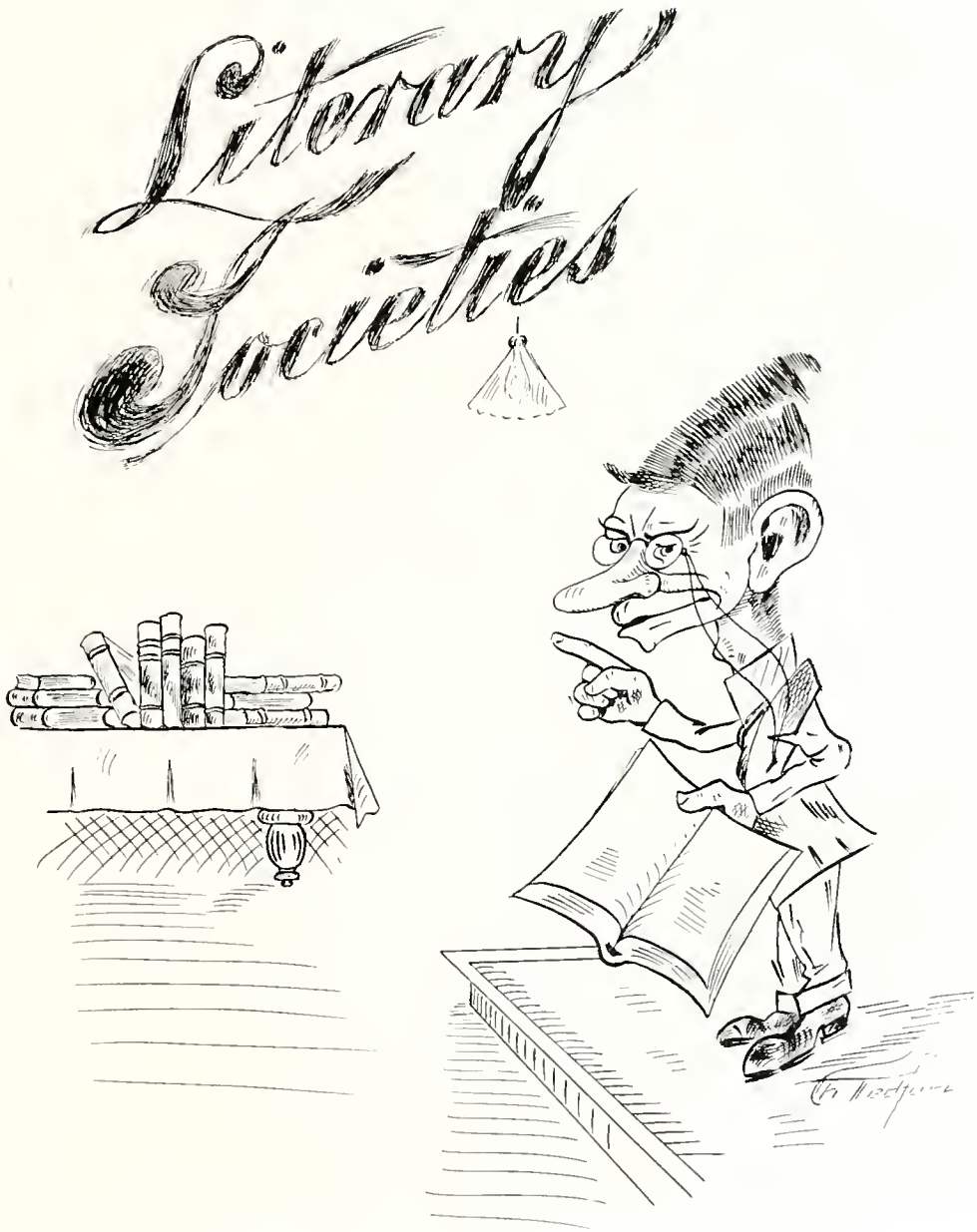
Cassiopea-Gibson a smile will shed
On planet Mars—the one that's "Red."
Has Saturn-Duncan satellites?
Yes, two; they are important lights;
For Anna prevents his going astray,
While Lula attracts the other way.

That planet, Shipley, soon may melt,
For torrid heat of sun he's felt.
There'll be conjunction of Bunny and Ben;
'T is hard to tell exactly when.
The meteor, Hixson, will fall to earth,
Disturbance cause in the lower berth.

Comets approach from out the skies,
Invisible yet to naked eyes.
Nativities great shall sometimes cause
The moon to turn, the sun to pause,
And fiery signs to light the sky,
And earth in homage prone to lie.

In nineteen-'leven there shall rise
Great wonders in the earth and skies.
A constellation new appears,
So marvelous, in all the years
The like of it has never been,
Nor like of it shall be again.

FRESH
COUNTRY
EGGS
SALT
RISING
BREAD
1911
1911


Literary Societies

The Athenian

IT is, perhaps, the proper thing, in an article of this nature, to indulge in flights of fancy concerning the incomparable progress the Athenians have made in literary attainment. We shall content ourselves, however, by making a brief statement of the actual work of the Society.

Firstly, the financial condition of the Society is better than it has been for years. The piano has been paid for, about forty dollars has been spent in beautifying the hall, and we still have a few sesterces in the treasury.

Secondly, several important changes have been made in the constitution. Membership in the Society is now conditional on the payment of the dues in advance. The terms have been changed so as to correspond to the three college terms. The Program Secretary, an office formerly filled by a committee of three, submits to the Society, two weeks in advance, a list of three or more questions for debate. The Society chooses one or two of these questions. Instruction, by a committee, in parliamentary law is a part of each regular program. The most important change is the division of the Society into two sections, called respectively the College and the Preparatory Section. At the present time each section has about twenty-five members.

Thirdly, the Society has been doing good literary work. The weekly programs are interesting and helpful. In this respect the Society has made some little advance over last year. The mid-winter, "On Board the Athenian," which was given in December, was a happy combination of instruction, entertainment, and amusement. It was a success from both a literary and a financial standpoint. There were about six hundred people in the audience. The "Faculty Evening" was something new in society work. The Athenians invited the Faculty to render a musical and literary program in Athenian Hall. Dr. Wilson and twelve members of the Faculty took part, and about one hundred Athenians and visitors were present. The Preparatory Section arranged for an oratorical contest between its members, in which a medal was given to the winner. The College Section had a similar contest. The Society has always been well represented in the Freshman-Sophomore debate, and this year it has furnished four of the six debaters. The Society will also be ably represented in the intercollegiate debating and oratorical contest.

ATHENIAN MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS

ORCHESTRA AND SAILOR QUARTETTE

Bainonian

O maiden, longing for your college days
That Autumn soon will bring,
Come, listen to this hearty song of praise,
As we so gladly sing.

Come join us in our fair Bainonian Hall,
Where happy hours are spent,
With Northern girls and Southern—large and small—
In search of knowledge bent.

To learn of famous men each maiden strives,
Their noble works, that mold
The hopes and aspirations of girls' lives,
That teach them to unfold.

Sometimes in hot debate two maidens meet,
Sometimes a tale is read
By one whom toil makes victor o'er defeat;
And thus is knowledge spread.

So pass the days for old Bainonian,
On our dear College Hill.
Let's never falter in our task begun,
Our mission to fulfill.

An invitation, earnest and sincere,
We send to every one
Who wishes to carve out a great career,
To join Bainonian.

SCENE IN BAINONIAN MIDWINTER

History

YEARS ago there were no girls' literary societies in Maryville College. In the spring of 1875 the girls read of what New York women were doing in the world of letters; then they began to ask themselves why they could not organize a literary society. The idea grew until, finally, twelve girls, with Miss Belle Porter, now Mrs. Stanley D. Jewell, at their head, banded together to form the "Excelsior Literary Society." Their constitution was short, their knowledge of parliamentary law imperfect, and the girls themselves were untrained in such work; but they were willing to learn. At first they held their meetings in the old Chapel.

In the fall of 1875, new girls came, bringing with them new ideas. Among these was Miss Sarah Silsby, now Mrs. L. B. Tedford, who came from Oberlin, bringing with her a constitution and by-laws, which were adopted for the Society here. The girls declared "Excelsior" too commonplace for a name and asked Professor Lamar for a better one. He suggested "Bainonian," which means "going forward." They chose for their motto: "We fly with our own wings." The Chapel being too large, they secured permission to meet in what is now Dean Waller's room. It seemed to them that they were progressing nicely, but some were inclined to think otherwise.

The boys condescended to notice what the girls had attempted, and straightway, of course, expressed their contempt for anything *girls* might accomplish along literary lines. "What does a girl know about parliamentary rules, or even conducting a debate?" But the girls only wanted a chance to learn. They disguised themselves, wore great paper caps, which concealed almost the entire face, and armed with pencil and foolscap paper upon which to take notes, they attended a meeting of the boys' literary society. The debate that was in progress at their entrance was a failure, nor were the other numbers successful. But the boys were not to be outdone. One evening, their heads covered with pillow cases in which holes had been cut for nose and mouth, and draped in sheets, they presented themselves in a girls' meeting. A girl arose and, addressing the chair, moved that, since the boys were very much

interested in parliamentary law, a girl be appointed to read their rules of order. It was uninteresting, to say the least. When it was finished, another girl made a motion that the rules be read a second time, as perhaps some had failed to grasp them all in the first reading. The reading was begun but never finished, for President Bartlett came for his daughter, and thus the meeting closed.

The girls asked for a room of their very own. Only one, the present Art Room, was available. It held the small store of experimental apparatus that Maryville College then possessed. This could be moved, but how was the room to be furnished? The answer to this question came in the form of an entertainment, from which they not only received the necessary funds, but proved their ability to debate as well. The walls were papered, the floor carpeted, curtains of domestic, bordered with turkey red, were hung at the windows, a stove, a chandelier, and a few chairs completed the furniture.

That year they were allowed to join the Adelphic Union, and for the first time two girls participated in the program that was rendered during Commencement.

The Society grew until, in 1892, the Art Room had to be abandoned for the Bainonian Hall of last year and preceding years. It was furnished simply at first, but as time went on, the girls kept adding to the furnishings until it was a very cosy, home-like room. But, it, in turn, had to be abandoned.

This year a new home has been provided for the Bainonian Society on the second floor of Pearsons Hall. The girls are delighted with it and are deeply grateful to Dr. Pearsons, whose gift it is. With its walls of green and white, the artistic runs and carpet, its soft curtains with their stenciling of green, the neat tables and chairs, and the well-selected pictures upon the walls, it presents a beautiful appearance. It can no longer be said that the girls know nothing of rules of parliament, for parliamentary drills are not unknown. In the debates, questions of the day are discussed in a way that might do credit to older and more experienced people. The music is classical, and one member, at least, is becoming known as a composer. Original stories and poems of real literary merit are frequently heard from the platform. Neither does the Society lack excellent readers to whom it is a pleasure to listen.

But this, perhaps, is the least of the good that Bainonian does. It not only develops talent; it also brings to light hidden talents. The work allotted to each one begets self-confidence and lays the foundation for a useful, helpful life after leaving college. The highest good for the Society, for herself, and for every girl in the Society, is the aim of each member.

Bainonian, after thirty-six years, is still "going forward." May she continue to do so until she attains heights of which at present we only dream.

A Bainonian View

Marvelous are Nature's workings, sweet and new, yet changeless, deep.
All her arts and all her creatures harmony and beauty keep.
But in noble, gentle grandeur, ruling with a godlike mind,
Towering over fellow creatures, stands the crowning piece—Mankind.

Man possesses high endowments, gifts of song, of looks, of words;
Whence his intellect outreaching, power sublime and growth affords;
And he may with fine perception catch the harmonies around—
Tender loves and charming colors, keen delights of thought and sound!

Shall we fail these gifts to cherish? Fail life's noblest to attain?
No! Expression thrives on effort, thought from other thought must gain.
Howe'er noble be the subject, howe'er deep the mind hath toiled,
Be there want of skill in wording, richest meaning may be spoiled.

With this vision of our talents, with this knowledge of our needs,
Our Bainonian seeks the culture that gives rise to noble deeds.
Our Bainonian Hall is lovely with its harmony and art,
Qualities which cheer the spirit and refinement sweet impart.

Fellowship gives mutual culture, fosters loyalty and love.
Our best talents and ambitions 'tis our honor here to prove.
Independence is developed, yet we are together drawn,
And our life through past and present looks still toward the future's dawn.

White and Green—Nile Green—our colors, and our emblem, Fleur-de-lis.
This our vision, and our purpose: action, beauty, purity.
We would not be found to hover low among life's baser things,
Nor to lean upon another, for "We Fly with Our Own Wings."

F. H., '11.

Alpha Sigmaists

ELEVENS

R. R. Baker
A. K. Bolton
E. H. Caldwell
L. E. Dyer
A. H. Fillers
C. M. Franklin
E. J. Frazier
W. H. Marsh
M. A. May
G. W. Middleton
A. F. Pence
P. L. Robinson
G. T. Wilson

TWELVES

L. G. Carson
M. B. Duggan
O. L. Duggan
C. T. Murray
C. E. Rule
V. T. Shipley
J. G. Sims
J. L. Tweed
Samuel Walker
S. R. Williams
H. N. Wright

THIRTEENS

T. H. Callaway
G. D. H. Norcross
W. T. Robison

FOURTEENS

M. H. Alexander
C. C. Benson
J. S. Black
W. H. Blanton
J. D. Carden
M. C. Condry
V. C. Detty
F. F. Dodd
B. M. Eaves
J. B. Gibbons
W. A. Haggard
F. W. Henson
O. D. Moore
G. W. Randolph
G. A. Rice
J. K. Stewart

COLLEGE SPECIALS

Michael Fruh
Walter Smith

SENIOR SECTION ALPHA SIGMA

Junior Section

H. H. Cox
H. L. Caton
A. T. Edwards
W. H. Pleasants
E. A. Williamson
G. W. Loy J. M. Tye
A. E. Cate C. A. Huff
W. L. Rice J. L. Rose
A. B. Cecil J. O. Henry
C. S. Lloyd R. W. Lloyd
J. C. Stepp S. J. Parks
D. T. Measells Carl Blanchard
S. N. Hutchinson L. C. Wisecarver
J. R. Bailey E. O. Beeler
R. D. Goforth E. D. Jackson
E. E. McCurry D. W. Proffitt
J. T. Callahan C. E. Thompson
W. R. Reynolds D. C. Williams

W. E. McGaha B. H. Nicely
W. E. McGhee J. F. Parker
H. L. Marcom C. C. Harris

W. P. Peyton
R. N. Carver
Paul Henry

J. C. Susong
D. L. Quinn

E. Hearst
C. E. Tweed
C. E. Susong

J. B. McElhose
E. L. McBee
W. C. Holmes

N. E. Skolnick Coy McCurry
C. F. P. Quinn Eugene Condry
Chas. Damiano W. R. C. Mitchell

JUNIOR SECTION

To the Dutch Quartette

These four are lowland maidens
From o'er the Atlantic blue,
From Holland's mead they hail us,
From the land of the wooden shoe.

Inspired with noble purpose,
There's nothing they dare not do;
They've left their friends and kindred
And their studies abroad pursue.

So sweet your maiden beauty;
We most heartily welcome you.
We like your wit and courage,
And your song has charmed us too.

Oh little maids of Holland,
Just because you are worthy and true
Theta Epsilon warmly bids you
To enlist with the white and blue.

Farewell Time Has Come

The years have flown; the time has come
When I must bid adieu
To college days and college scenes,
And Theta sisters true.

Through fleeting days of bygone years,
We all, with motive true,
Have worked together for success
'Neath banner white and blue.

And with our motto first in mind,
We've braved each threat'ning tide;
For who, indeed, can be our foe,
If God be on our side?

May still this motto you inspire
To strive for, and attain,
The lofty literary height
That all should seek to gain.

To work each for another's good,
Do well each task begun,
And merit blessings from above
On Theta Epsilon.

* * * * * *

Ah, yes, too soon the hand of Time
Has let the curtain fall
Between you and your college days,
Save those in mem'ry's hall.

But duty calls; you must obey,
And work begin anew
In fields unknown where waits a place
Which none can fill but you.

Most worthy here have been your deeds;
Your work has been well done;
And for dear Theta, by your zeal,
Rich laurels have been won.

Examples you have set for us,
Who now must fill your place,
Which shall inspire and strengthen us
These duties new to face.

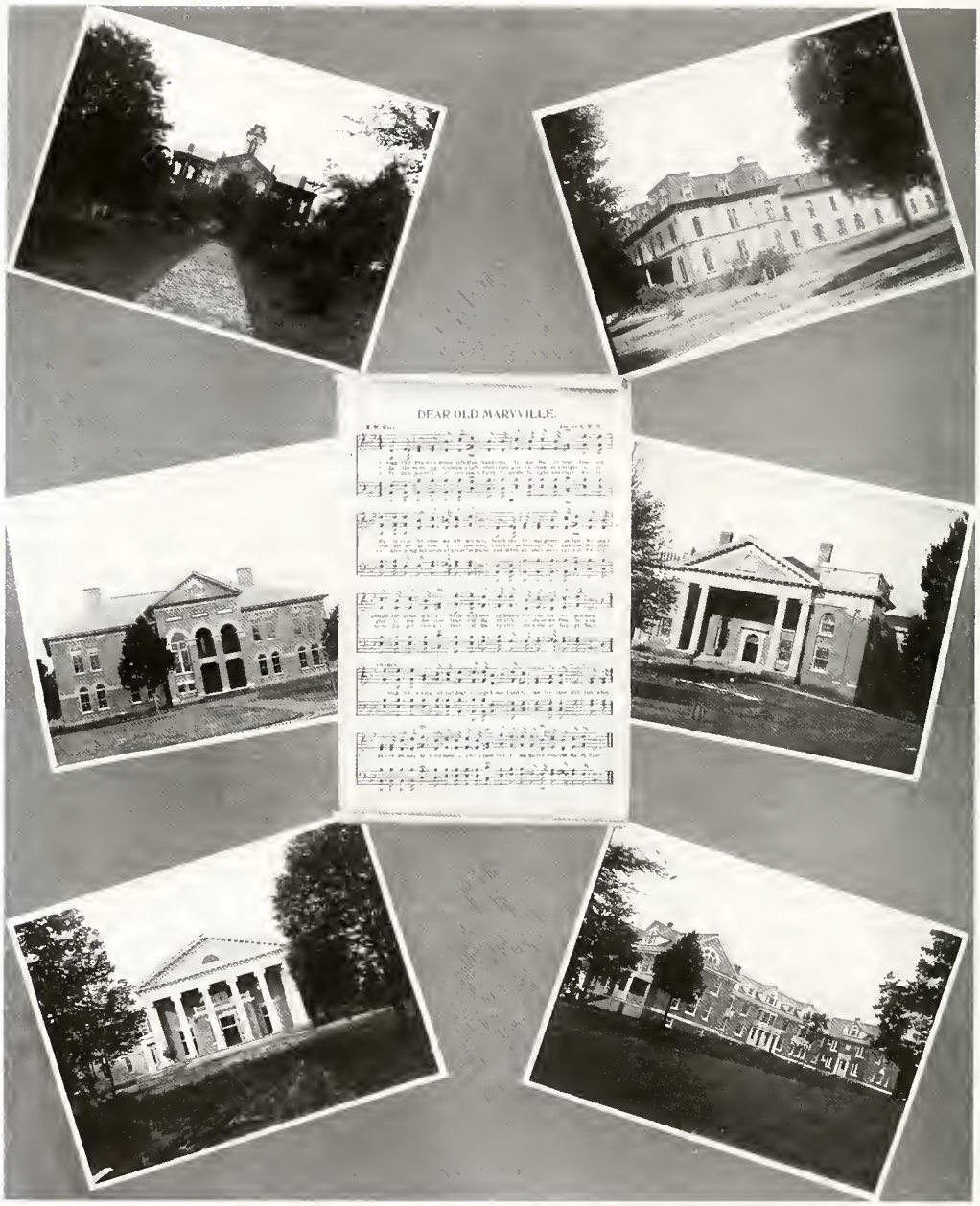
Pure aims, and aspirations high,
In constant faithfulness,
Shall guide us onward toward one goal—
The goal of real success.

We will be noble, true, sincere,
In thought and word and deed,
Nor fail to lend a helping hand
To those we find in need.

And every girl who comes to us
From home or foreign land,
Shall find a welcome waiting her
From all our Theta band.

And now, farewell, dear Senior girls;
Love shield you every one:
This is the wish of sisters all
In Theta Epsilon.

W. W. ASTLES
A. A. SHEDDAN
J. M. CAMPBELL
H. R. DUNCAN
Representatives
In Intercollegiate Debate
And Oratorical Contest 1910.
R. R. BAKER
S. C. GUIGOU


DEAR OLD MARYVILLE.

Religious Organizations

Religious Organizations

Y. M. C. A.

H. E. Orr . . . . . *President*
Sam Walker . . . . . *Vice-President*
P. L. Robinson . . . . . *Secretary*
R. S. Carson . . . . . *Treasurer*
Wm. Moore . . . . . *Editor*

Y. W. C. A.

W. Belle Gray . . . . . *President*
Frances Gibson . . . . . *Vice-President*
Lula Gibbs . . . . . *Secretary*
Miriam Rood . . . . . *Treasurer*
Grace Jewell . . . . . *Editor*

COLLEGE SOMERSET "Y"

Lula Gibbs . . . . . *President*
Mae D. Smith . . . . . *Secretary*
Nellie F. Johnston . . . . . *Treasurer*

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

Lena Aikin . . . . . *Leader*

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

W. A. Hamman . . . . . *President*
R. H. Hixson . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Y. M. C. A.

The character of the work done each year by the Y. M. C. A. fully justifies the right of the Association to claim first consideration among the organizations of College Hill. Something of what it means to the men of the College may be gathered from the names of those who compose its membership. There are to be found on its rolls the names of the leaders of every phase of college life and the men who are making good in every department and activity. These men have been attracted by the things for which the Y. M. C. A. stands, and are lending their thought, their plans, their ideals in a united effort toward those things that make for moral and spiritual growth and for the development of true, manly character.

The Y. M. C. A. has, indeed, a mission to perform on College Hill as a center around which should swing the student activities of the men of the College. It has a work to do that no other organization could accomplish, and its many activities indicate the manner in which it seeks to do its work. The Sunday afternoon devotional meetings, the Bible study classes, the Mission study classes, the Lyceum course, and the many other Association activities, all show the spirit and purpose of the organization. The meetings are a source of constant strength to the men. In them is gotten a warmer and closer fellowship than could be gained in any more formal service. The Bible and Mission study classes have proved to be a real value to an increasing number of men who take advantage of them, and the Lyceum course adds to the entertainment as well as to the intellectual development of the students. Through these means or in other ways the Association touches the life of every student, and we believe the influence everywhere exerted is toward the best things in student life.

Surely the time will never come when the Y. M. C. A. has not a large place in the life on College Hill. We believe that by earnest work and devotion it will continue to fulfill its purpose in the formation and development of Christian manhood.

Y. M. C. A. CABINET

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

What the Y. W. C. A. Means

1. *To the "New Girl."*

The Y. W. C. A. means a great deal to the new girl when she first arrives, for it is then that she is lonesome and homesick. How good it makes her feel to have the Y. W. girls meet her at the station and to hear them say, "Oh, you are the girl I've been looking for. I am so glad to see you!" Then on Sunday afternoon she can go to the meeting and there forget all about her troubles and heartaches in enjoying the service and meeting the girls who are to be her best friends in her college days.

ONE OF THE "NEW GIRLS."

2. *To the "Old Girl."*

When you first came here as a "New Girl," the Y. W. C. A. girls met you at the train and then helped you in the intricacies of setting up housekeeping and matriculating. Now that you have become an "Old Girl," what is the Y. W. to be to you? It is to furnish you a spiritual uplift in the Sunday afternoon services. It is the means by which you do systematic Christian service while at College. Belonging to this system of work are the Mission study work, the Bible study, and the temperance work which you may take up. All of these will give you practical methods of Christian work and will give you the spiritual uplift to carry to some one else this good you have received when you become an alumna.

A SENIOR.

3. *To an Alumna.*

If a new course were to be added in Maryville College for the young women, and the alumnæ were asked what it would be, no doubt the unanimous vote would come back to add a course leading to the degree, Y. W. C. A.

You would, perhaps, weigh this answer, but the Young Women's Christian Association is a school within itself, a school where we sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. To an alumna it means the place of soul growth, a place where we learn to love and lean on our Master and thus increase in

knowledge. Again, it is the place where we were taught communion with the Father.

We emphasize the importance of this part of the education, because in after life it is the only part that is used every day, when the little temptations come, or when joys come to us, or when sorrows weigh upon us.

AN ALUMNA.

4. *To the Y. M. C. A.*

The Y. M. C. A. hopes by its influence and its fellowship to aid men to stand for truth and honor on the vital questions that must be settled in college life. And it is a source of encouragement to the Association, not only to know that the Y. W. cherishes the same ideals and stands for the same things as we; but also to know that through their influence upon the men with whom Y. W. members associate, it is helping to inspire in them a lofty desire for true manhood and Christian character.

PRESIDENT OF Y. M. C. A.

5. *To the College.*

The College Y. W. C. A. has had an unbroken history of worthy service and of steadily increasing efficiency. Its officers have looked upon their positions, not as sinecures and mere honors, but rather as places of responsibility and opportunity. In helping forward the year's religious campaign and the February meetings, and in ennobling and enriching the moral earnestness and the public opinion of our college life, the Association has, throughout the years, rendered a noble service, which the Faculty deeply appreciate and thankfully acknowledge.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

Asheville and Nashville Delegates

Miss Kidder

Miss McMurry

Miss Gray

Miss Gibbs

Miss Pickens

Maryville College Somerset "Y"

Motto

For God and home and native land

Emblem

Bow of white ribbon

In the fall term of 1908, the Maryville College Somerset "Y" was organized through the efforts of Mrs. Hubert S. Lyle, a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Maryville. On account of the limited amount of time at the disposal of college girls, it was thought best to follow the plan, adopted by some colleges elsewhere, of organizing the "Y" in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, the President of the "Y" becoming a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. The charter members numbered thirteen. The membership is now thirty-three.

Our work is necessarily limited because of the multitude of college duties. But, although we cannot have the frequent meetings that we should like so much to have, and take up some of the regular departments of work and study, we can "count one" by belonging and paying dues. "Belonging" includes signing the pledge, wearing the white ribbon, and observing the "trysting hour of prayer," which is just at noontide. Once a year we conduct a college prayer meeting and a Y. W. C. A. devotional meeting. In these ways we show our principles and help with the work for "God and home and native land."

The Passion Play

OBERAMMERGAU is a beautiful little village standing in a level valley, almost on the watershed of the Bavarian Alps, about forty-six miles southeast of Munich. Winding through it toward the west runs the river Ammer, from which the village gets its name. Looked down upon from the mountains that surround it, it forms an ideal picture of an ideal village. The clean, white-walled houses with their green window shutters and red-tiled roofs are grouped irregularly around the church, which, with its mosque-like dome, forms the living center of the place.

The enacting of home-made plays has been a dearly loved custom for centuries among these Bavarian Highlanders. Most of the plays had a religious character and the Passion Play was the height of all dramatic endeavor.

These plays, often commemorative of some great calamity, owe their origin, in part at least, to the faith of an age when there was an unwavering belief in Divine intervention. So it was that, when the village of Oberammergau, hidden away in the mountains of Bavaria, was visited by the plague of 1633, nothing but the intervention of God Himself was deemed sufficient to stay its ravages. Accordingly, they made a vow that, should God spare them, in recognition of His Divine compassion, they would every ten years enact as a memorial the tragedy of the Passion of His Son. And unlike the fate of many a vow made in time of peril, this has been kept by the people of Oberammergau.

Such is the origin of the Passion Play—a play which, although written, managed, and enacted wholly by the simple mountain peasants, has reached such perfection as to attract the attention of the world. During the summer of 1910, this play was visited by no less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand people, representing nations from the four corners of the world.

Some people hesitated, others refused to witness this play, believing it nothing short of sacrilege—the impiety of a human creature daring to represent the Son of God. "But the Christ in drama may be no more a sacrilegious representation, no less an artistic conception, than the Christ in painting or the Christ in sculpture." In talking the matter over with those who have actually seen the play, the general opinion seems to be that one soon finds himself in such sympathy with this representation that so completely typifies the ideal of

the human, loving, gentle Christ, that scruples gradually give way to wonder and admiration.

I shall next tell you some things about the play itself; but first let me say that it consists of a series of scenes from the life of Christ, preceded by tableaux from the Old Testament. Each tableau has a direct bearing upon the scene that is to follow. A large chorus of mixed voices sing during the tableaux, explaining them and the following scenes. A hushed awe seems to have spread over the vast audience of four thousand people, as they listen to the opening words of the majestic chorus, and as they look upon the first tableau, Adam and Eve banished from the Garden of Eden; followed by the second tableau, which represents the cross as the redemption for the sin of the world.

Hardly has the chorus passed through the colonnade, when far-away shouts are heard, as if coming from the throats of many people. Soon a scene unfolds itself that is no less than marvelous. Men, women, and children, with all the picturesqueness of oriental costumes, are pouring upon the stage from all directions. While waving palm branches they are shouting, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Thou Son of David!" In the distance, coming up the streets of Jerusalem, is seen the slight form of the beloved disciple, John, leading a small donkey. Upon the humble beast is seated a figure, at the sight of which many a heart beats faster, many an eye is moistened with tears. There is the same brown, waving hair and beard, the same calm, sad face made so familiar through painting and sculpture. But now it is all endowed with life, and as you gaze upon this wonderful scene, see Him with outstretched hands blessing the thronging multitude, with an expression of unutterable love and sadness, He indeed seems more than man.

For eight hours, with an intermission of two hours at noon, this vast audience is a witness of the scenes of these last days of Christ's life on earth. It watches with keen interest the discussions of the Jewish Sanhedrin, as it vehemently denounces this Jesus of Nazareth. It condemns Judas as he is finally persuaded to make the bargain, and looks with pity and almost compassion at his utter remorse and repentance when he suddenly realizes his mistake. It groans with the Christ as he sinks weakly under the burden of the cross. It weeps with Mary the Mother and Mary Magdalene as they watch the cruel cross with its precious burden drop into its place between the two thieves.

Around them stands a jeering mob, deriding this man as the King of the Jews, who could save others but himself could not save. Soon the bruised form, bound and stretched out upon that great cross, seems to lift itself in one long agony of separation of soul and body. Slowly sinking again within itself, with His last breath He cries, "It is finished! Father, into Thy hands I commend

my spirit," and then the thorn-crowned head droops in the limpness of death. With loving hands the little band of followers soon lowers the precious body and prepares it for the tomb.

In the next scene Mary Magdelene sits weeping beside the empty tomb, when lo, her Risen Lord is standing before her. Hardly does she recognize Him, when He has vanished from her sight. But with a heart now full of comfort and joy, she hastens to "tell the disciples and Peter."

The play closes with the ascension, and as the Son in shining robes of white, with hands outstretched as He blesses those below, moves upward, upward from their midst, that great hall resounds with a burst of joy, echoing and re-echoing with a triumphant song of gladness and final hallelujahs.

As I passed out from the closing scene of that wonderful play, the old, old story seemed to have a new meaning. Christ was no longer the mysterious figure of history, but a living, breathing man. I had walked with Him in the streets of Jerusalem, watched with the disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane, shed tears at the foot of the cross, and had felt the peace and calm that was shed over all as He was taken up from our midst.

Yes, the wheels of time were turned back two thousand years, and I had been a witness of scenes that I shall carry with me all through the rest of my life.

SUSAN A. GREEN.

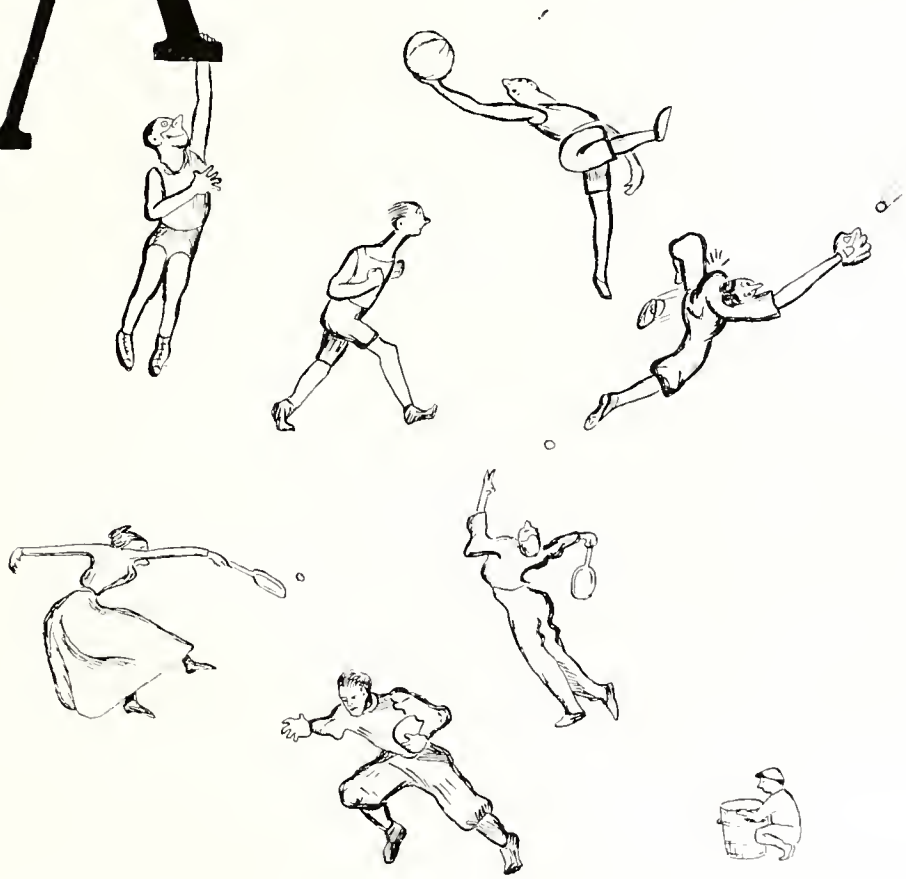
Rev. Edgar Alonzo Elmore, D. D.

BORN in New Market, Tennessee, on April 4th, 1852; entered Maryville College in February, 1868, and graduated with the degree of B. A. in 1874; graduated from Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1877; ordained in May, 1877; pastor of the Adams Memorial Church, New York City, 1877-1884; Professor of Latin in Maryville College, 1884-1888; Chairman of the Faculty of Maryville College, 1887-1888; pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1888-1900; pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Chattanooga, Tennessee, 1900-19—; Chairman of the Board of Directors of Maryville College, 1906-19—; Chairman of the Permanent Committee on Home Missions of the Synod of Tennessee, 1895-19—; member of the Advisory Council on Church Extension of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., 1910-19—; received the degree of M. A. in 1884, and that of D. D. in 1895.

Maryville has recently felt the power of his character, inasmuch as he came back to his Alma Mater and conducted the annual revival services on College Hill. So the town and student body join in extending a word of appreciation and gratitude for his untiring labors among them in behalf of their spiritual welfare.

SCENES FROM FOOTBALL TRIPS

ATHLETICS



A. E. MITCHELL
Coach and Physical Director
"This was the noblest Roman of them all"

Board of Athletic Control

William F. Buchanan	*President*
George T. Wilson	*Vice-President*
William T. Robison	*Secretary*
Wallace H. Marsh	*Treasurer*
Lloyd E. Dyer	*Official Buyer*
Samuel T. Wilson	*Faculty Representative*
Herman F. Schnirel	*Faculty Representative*
Charles D. Chandler	*Town Representative*
John A. McCulloch	*Town Representative*
Clarence M. Franklin	*Student Representative*
James B. Gibbons	*Student Representative*
Anna Belle Callaway	*Student Representative*

FOOTBALL

Football

VERY promising was the outlook for the football team at the beginning of the year 1910. Some of the most encouraging prospects were found in the good material found strolling around the campus in the opening days of September. It is true, only five of the "Old Guard" were back, but they certainly looked good. Tom Wilson was grinning at the head of "two hundred." Alvin Fillers was heavy of limb and light of heart from canvassing the State of Indiana—in an ecstacy of bliss—and l - - e. Captain Wright was happy to be on the Hill again after pulling the bell cord over a heavy hay-burner all summer. Red Robison was here early—meeting all the trains—some new students—and—yes, she did come, at last! And "Squirly" Crawford had been here all the time aching for the season to begin.

Added to these celebrities were the new arrivals, such as "Tiny" May, weight 212, of box-car build; "Texas" Von Tress, of the bulldog variety; and "Red" O'Hair, fast as the light that shone from above his head; and a whole regiment from Dayton (Tenn.) High School—enough to have come on a special train—but they didn't. They walked through, partly because they wanted to stay together, and partly because it was the only way Dodd could come. Anyway, they got here: Patton, Fletcher Dodd, musician, Carl Benson, and others. With the best of last year's "scrubs" to fill in, the team was here. A heavy schedule was booked, and with Coach Mitchell holding some dozens of new plays up his sleeve, things looked fine.

A fast, medium-weight team was chasing up the field after some two weeks of work-out.

The first game was played against Kentucky State University and resulted in a score of 12 to 5 in favor of State. The Lexington papers gave Maryville more praise than the score would seem to indicate. The team was badly crippled, but two days later tied Kentucky Wesleyan College 6 and 6. Later Mooney was easily defeated 5 to 0.

After the Mooney game a long series of disappointments followed. Manager Robison's patience was sorely tried as team after team canceled with him, and no dates were to be had.

The team went into the big game of the season—against the University of Tennessee—without having played a game for three weeks and with Captain Wright out of the game with a broken ankle. Tennessee won 13 to 0, and the score gave a clear and honest report of the relative merits of the two teams. The defeat was a bitter one, but the team and the three hundred cheering rooters who made the trip took it manfully. Then came the walloping by Bingham and the Chattanooga defeat.

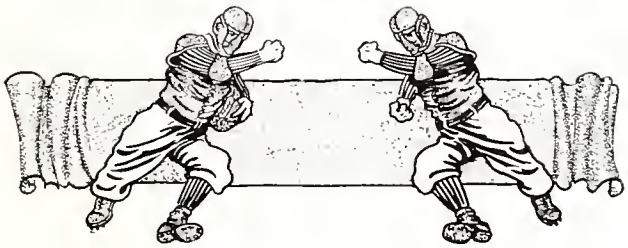
The work of the team as a whole was good. The clean, hard playing of the team drew favorable comment wherever they played, while Coach Mitchell, too, received much praise for his novel forward-pass plays. Later the members of the team received their hard-earned "M" sweaters.

* * * * * *

A banquet was tendered the team, manager, and coach, on which occasion their faithful work was fittingly lauded. Several *excellent* toasts were given. Manager Steinmetz and Captain Beeler, of the famous '06 team, were present to toast the team. Music was rendered by the Orchestra. Covers were set for one hundred and fifty, and with Dr. Lyon as toast-master, a memorable time was enjoyed.

FOOTBALL, 1910

M. C.	5	Kentucky State University	12
M. C.	6	Kentucky Wesleyan College	6
M. C.	5	Mooney School	0
M. C.	0	University of Tennessee	13
M. C.	0	Bingham School	39
M. C.	11	University of Chattanooga	27



1910 Football Team

A. E. Mitchell, Colorado ..... Coach H. Noble Wright ..... Captain

W. T. Robison (succeeding J. B. Sellers) ..... Manager

NAME	POSITION
A. L. Cuesta, Jr.	Right End
C. Patton	Right Tackle
C. Benson	Right Guard
G. T. Wilson	Center
M. A. May	Left Guard
J. B. Gibbons	Left Tackle
S. O'Hair	Left End
H. N. Wright	Right Half-back
F. Dodd	Right Half-back
A. H. Fillers	Full-back
P. Von Tress	Left Half-back
E. Crawford	Quarter-back
G. Devereaux	Half-back
W. O. Atwell	End
E. S. McCall	Half-back
T. H. Callaway	Half-back
C. R. Hall	Quarter-back

1910 Second Football Team

C. R. Hall ..... Captain R. W. Owens ..... Manager

NAME	POSITION
G. F. Armitage	Right End
H. W. Samsel	Right Tackle
W. T. Duckworth	Right Guard
T. Shaver	Center
C. L. Smith	Left Guard
C. H. Patton	Left Tackle
E. D. Jackson	Left End
W. F. Buchanan	Right Half-back
T. H. Callaway	Full-back
R. W. Owens	Left Half-back
C. R. Hall	Quarter-back
F. J. Hall	Quarter-back

M. C.	28	Central High School	0
M. C.	0	University of Tennessee (2d)	22
M. C.	22	Central High School	0

FOOTBALL TEAM 1910

Basket Ball Team

WM. F. BUCHANAN . . . . . *Manager*
A. E. MITCHELL . . . . . *Coach*
R. R. BAKER . . . . . *Forward*
C. STEPP . . . . . *Forward*
CAPT. E. L. MCCALL . . . . . *Guard*
W. O. ATWELL . . . . . *Guard*
J. M. RANKIN . . . . . *Center*
HARRY SMITH, RALPH LLOYD . . *Substitutes*

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE, 1910-11

M. C. 89	Central High School 14
M. C. 49	Carson and Newman College . .16
M. C. 23	University of Tennessee 36
M. C. 21	Mooney School 44
M. C. 16	Knoxville Y. M. C. A. Tigers . .57
M. C. 26	Asheville (N. C.) Athletics . . .40
M. C. 25	Asheville School (N. C.) 51
M. C. 21	Tusculum College 45
M. C. 22	Carson and Newman College . .37
M. C. 22	Knoxville Y. M. C. A. Tigers . .37
M. C. 22	University of Tennessee 57

SECOND TEAM

BRITTAIN . . . . . *Forward*
R. LLOYD . . . . . *Forward*
E. CONDRY . . . . . *Guard*
E. J. FRAZIER . . . . . *Guard*
BLACK . . . . . *Center*
N. MCCALL . . . . . *Substitute*

University of Tennessee (Second) . . . .22 M. C. (Second) 25

Basket Ball

WITH the departure of ex-Captain Samsel from the Hill the backbone of basket ball was gone. Only one member of the old team, Captain McCall, was left to guide the destiny of the team for 1910-11. We can give no reason for the many defeats of the team except the fact that the team was very weak on forwards.

Some quick teams were met and the games were fast. Every point made by an opposing team was won hard, for with Captain McCall and "Billie" Atwell guarding like leeches, it was no easy matter to shoot a basket. That "Jumping Jack" Rankin, too, had a most persistent way of being right where the ball was at all times. Though only of two seasons' practice, Joe was granted the best of all his games except one. Baker and Stepp played good ball. A "Klondike" of goals was discovered rather late in the season, in the person of Smith. Smith was good in all phases of the game. When he didn't have the ball he was very near it, and when he did get it he usually put it in the basket.

Much praise is given Captain McCall for his persistent work and hard playing throughout the season.

Huddleston won some reputation as a referee. He was a valuable asset to basket ball in this section of the State. Frequent calls were made on his good services by neighboring colleges. He knows the game perfectly, keeps cool despite his "red top," and gives the fair decision.

Girls' Basket Ball

Girls' Basket Ball

Miss Lois Wilson . . . . . .*Forward*
Miss Nell Craven . . . . . .*Forward*
Miss Anna Belle Callaway . . . .*Center*
Miss Mayme Maxey . . . . . .*Guard*
Miss Miriam A. Rood. . . . . .*Guard*
Miss Ruth C. Newell. . . . . .*Guard*

Miss Susan A. Green . .*Manager*
Eustis J. Frazier. . . . . .*Coach*
Anna Belle Callaway. . .*Captain*

Girls' Basket Ball, since its organization in Maryville eight years ago, has never had a team go down in defeat. This year's team sustained the same good reputation. The schedule this year was not as full as usual because of the scarcity of teams in nearby colleges.

M. C.	12	Knoxville High School	9
M. C.	17	Knoxville High School	9

Second Team

Miss Alma Armstrong . . . . . .*Forward*
Miss Ethel Fanson . . . . . .*Forward*
Miss Ruth C. Newell (Captain) . . . . . .*Guard*
Miss Elise Carnes . . . . . .*Guard*
Miss Hattie B. Lester. . . . . .*Center*

M. C.	15	Central High School	13

PREP BASKET BALL

Cueto -- Gibbions

Henson - Rice

WINNERS TOURNAMENT CINCINNATI 1910

Baseball

ACCORDING to a Faculty decree made in the winter of 1909-10, no out-of-town baseball games were to be allowed in the spring of that year. Many of the fans and all the players of the game were soon discussing the Faculty's adverse opinion of the game. They were denied that extreme pleasure of indulging in "Winter League Talk" around the blazing fire. The fan's imaginative eye was not prone, as usual, to see the hard, smooth diamond cut by spikes of prospective big-leaguers as they chased the fast-bounding rawhide sphere. Baseball was dead. The Dean and the Faculty had crushed the "varmint" with heavy stride.

Still, Maryville did have baseball, and good baseball, in 1910, and that for two reasons: the first was the untiring perseverance of the manager and the captain of the season, Jackson Smith and Lloyd Dyer, respectively; the second, we shall call the support of the baseball fans of the Hill, including the strong team that supported the above-named team officers. The Dean? Well, he always nods assent when he realizes it will help the boys.

When the final word had been given, baseball started off with a rush that would make a United States Cavalry charge look tame. Every boy on the Hill big enough to stand up behind a "mitt" began throwing a baseball. All available playing space was used. Three dozen window panes, according to Mr. Brewer's account, went out of existence as a result of wild and speedy pitchers standing too close to buildings. Enough baseballs to supply the demand couldn't be had. Door knobs were pressed into service and the prospective twirlers proceeded to warm up. The reaction had set in; baseball was in its glory and Captain Dyer was in Paradise.

A bright idea came along with such sparkling prospects. A coach was needed. The bright idea was—how to get one! The good citizens of Maryville surrendered a good bit of cash, and a few days later a bright-looking young man named Knox arrived on the Hill. He was known as a baseball player, and before he had been here long the team was satisfied that he knew how to play baseball and could teach all he knew.

The season of 1910 proved to be one of the best Maryville has had for years. The team won ten, tied one, and lost four, out of fifteen games, which is playing some, especially when considering the fast teams played. Mention of all the games or of all the players cannot be made. Three games may be mentioned as examples of the good twirling and good team work. The fast Dahlonega team was walloped twice. Bolton let them off in the first game with two hits and the little end of a 7 to 2 score. Crum held Carson and Newman for fourteen innings to one score, when Maryville added a second one to close the game with the score of 2 to 1 in favor of Maryville. A fitting climax to the season was a no-hit game twirled by "Pap" Moore against Washington and Tusculum College. With excellent support from the team the game resulted in Tusculum 0, Maryville 2.

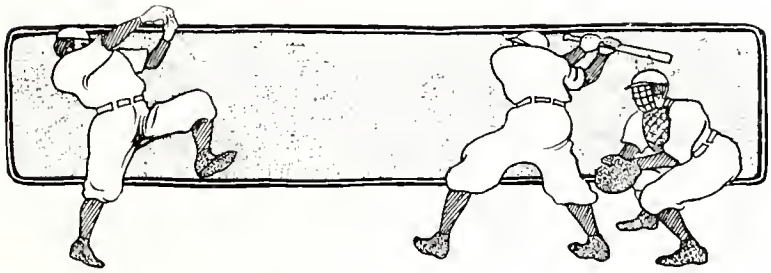
"Team work" was the slogan of the nine, and some fast and effective team work was the result. The players filled their positions well and did their best for the College at all times. Manager Smith, though getting to his work rather late, worked up a good schedule. Captain Dyer, by unceasing work and encouragement for his men, succeeded in keeping a good team together that added still more athletic fame and reputation to the already good name of Maryville.

BASEBALL SEASON, 1910

M. C.	11	Tennessee Deaf and Dumb Institute	4
M. C.	6	Tennessee Deaf and Dumb Institute (10 innings)	6
M. C.	7	North Georgia Agricultural College	2
M. C.	4	North Georgia Agricultural College	3
M. C.	9	Murphy College	2
M. C.	7	Murphy College	2
M. C.	6	Carson and Newman College	0
M. C.	2	Carson and Newman College (14 innings)	1
M. C.	1	Washington College	0
M. C.	3	Washington College	7
M. C.	4	Carson and Newman College	17
M. C.	3	Tusculum College	2
M. C.	1	Tusculum College	6
M. C.	2	Tusculum College	5
M. C.	2	Tusculum College	0

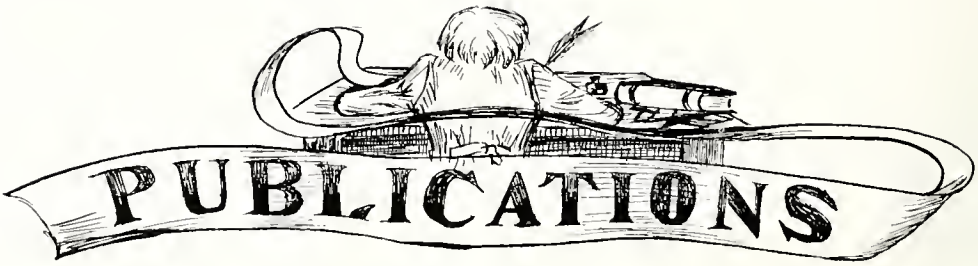
BASEBALL TEAM, 1910

NAME	POSITION	"ROYAL TITLE"
J. A. Burnett	Catcher	"Polie"
A. K. Bolton	Pitcher	"Monkey"
O. D. Moore	Pitcher	"Pap"
L. E. Dyer (Captain)	First Base	"Cap"
J. K. Hulse	Shortstop	"Peg-leg"
H. L. Thatcher	Second Base	"Speedy"
M. F. Crum	Third Base and Pitcher	"Cabbage"
A. L. Cuesta, Jr.	Left Field	"Pug"
C. R. Hall	Center Field	"Onion Top"
T. A. F. Williams	Right Field	"Farmer"
A. C. Samsel	Right Field	"Fancy"
Manager		Jackson Smith
Coach		Knox



BASEBALL TEAM 1910

GRUM
BOLTON
MOORE
GRUM



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Piano

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Voice

Constance McReynolds
Piano

Hazel Dean
Voice

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Ruth Jewell

Loy Alexander

Irene McNett

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Professor of Physiological Chemistry

Good Housekeepers

Motto
Sweep clean

Highest Ambition
To keep house

MRS. LIDA PRYOR SNODGRASS . . . . . *General Supervisor*

Assistants
All Pearsons girls who did not flunk in Housekeeping

Song
Tune: Yankee Doodle

We are a band of maidens fair,
The dust from us doth scamper;
We wave our brooms high up in air;
Naught from our work can hamper.

We make our home in Pearsons Hall;
As clean as could the Dutch maids;
We climb and sweep the corners all,
Ne'er thinking of our term grades.

But when the Matron looks about
And sees a speck of dust there,
She turns around and walks right out,
And marks us only fair-ir.

Cold Water Brigade

We are the boys of Bartlett Hall,
So happy, so free, and so gay;
We are fat and lean, low and tall,
And have no matrons in our way.

Duty

Hit her, hot or cold

Countersign

Oo-ou-o-gee
Hu-ugh-ah-me

Flag

Damask towel

Weapon

Sapolio

Members of Brigade

CARSON . . . . . "Hungry"
GASTON . . . . . "Gas"
GIBBONS . . . . . "Gib"
GRABIEL . . . . . "Gabriel"
MAY . . . . . "Chubby"
ORR . . . . . "Hoss"
PENCE . . . . . "A dam"
ROBINSON . . . . . "P. L."

WILSON, Brigadier

The Real Racket Club

MABEL GRISEWOOD — JULIA HALE DILLON — MARGARET WHITE
LISCHER FLETCHER — LUCILE TAYLOR
"AUNT EMMIE" — "JULY" — "THIS"
"JAY" — "POLLY"

Colors
Navy Blue and White

Motto
All Love Games

Flower
Daisy

Yell
Ten, Ten, Double Ten, Forty, Love

OFFICERS

MABEL GRISEWOOD . . . . . *President*
JULIA HALE DILLON . . . . . *Vice-President*
LUCILE TAYLOR . . . . . *Secretary*
LISCHER FLETCHER . . . . . *Business Manager*
MARGARET WHITE . . . . . *G. A. R.*

Atlanta Club

Cognomen	*Patron Goddess*	*Hobby*
A. L. Cuesta, Jr.	"Leslie"	Street Fiddler
K. B. Cuesta	"Marie"	Body Guard to Bolton
W. D. Harwell	"Georgie"	Mocking Bird Singer
Wm. F. Buchanan	"Lulie"	Yell Leader for Fred "Yope"

Motto

Ignorance is bliss, so try to be happy

Favorite Song

In Dear Old Georgia

Favorite Drink

Atlanta Spirit

Favorite Study

How to Excuse Delinquencies

Rendezvous

High Street

The Bachelor Girls

Motto

I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for nobody.

Colors
Green and Gold

Aim
"To get enough to eat."

First Camping Trip, November 27th, 1910

GRACE G. ELMORE . . . . . *President*
EVA M. SAMSEL . . . . . *Treasurer*
MARY KATE RANKIN . . . . . *Musician*
HATTIE B. LESTER . . . . . *Editor*
"TEDDY" . . . . . *Heart-breaker*
"EVE" . . . . . *Man-hater*
"M. K." . . . . . *Chronic Breaker of Rules*
"HAT" . . . . . *Lemon-hander*

High Street Minstrels

A. L. Cuesta, Jr. . . . . *Director*
A. K. Bolton . . . . . *Accompanist*
Smith O'Hair . . . . . *Comedy Artist*
Fred George . . . . . *Mascot*
Medley Crum
Carl Cuesta
Willie Harwell } . . . . . *Singers of "O You Shaky Eyes"*

Aspiration

Rho Alpha Rho

Motto

"Silence is golden, but what do you care for money."

Rehearsals

Nightly—6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m.

A Bunch of Daisies

Colors

Gold and White

Motto

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you

Song

"Sweet Bunch of Daisies"

MEMBERS

HAZEL DEAN ..... Hazzle Dazzle, the beautiful
CORINNE TETEDOUX.. Dofunny, the center ball star
VERNA COMBS ..... Baby, the generous
LESLIE DEAN ..... Dick, the primper
RUTH WORK ..... Rufus, the industrious (?)
GRACE LEWIS ..... Luck, the student
LOUISE DEAN ..... E. Z., the indifferent
EDNA FOSTER ..... Ike the romantic
MILDRED THURMAN ..... Mat, the trouble maker
LEONA DEAN ..... Jack, the independent

Sky Scraper Club

Motto

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Flower

Sunflower

Yell

Rippity rare!
Up in the air!
Sky scraper,
Cloud draper,
Don't give a care!

WILLIAM F. BUCHANAN . . . *Weather Forecaster*
OWEN PILE . . . . . *Star Hanger*
JOSEPH M. RANKIN . . . . . *Cloud Manager*
HENRY R. DUNCAN . . . . . *Sky Cleaner*
GEORGE SHELTON . . . . . *Sunset Painter*
THOMAS WILSON . . . . . *Moon Greaser*
RUTH WORK . . . . . *Aurora the Second*
NELLIE KIRKPATRICK . . . . . *Star Scourer*
NELLIE JOHNSTON . . . . . *Comet Manager*
FRANCES GIBSON . . . . . *Air Duster*
ALVIN H. FILLERS . . . . . *Thunderbolt Hurler*

Compliments
1911

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

3—Sheep Pen Camp opens.
6—"Our late friend," Mr. Marsh, arrives on College Hill.
12—The Prodigals return from Sheep Pen, minus the fatted calf.
13—School opens. The Information Bureau is instituted.
14—Registration.
15—Registration some more.
16—Faculty Reception. Everybody loops the loop.
17—Y. M. and Y. W. Receptions. New students welcomed and homesick comforted.
18—"Students are required to attend church and Sabbath School and give an honor report on Monday."
23—The first *Schnap!* Casualties—three broken noses, one broken arm and numerous minor injuries. No deaths.
28—Seniors take supper in the Woods, by special dispensation of the Faculty.
29—Senior Class Party at Mrs. Crawford's. Mr. Sellers bids farewell.
30—"Job Boger" leaves for the Woolly West and the gila monsters.

OCTOBER

1—Maryville football boys meet Kentucky State squad with blood in their eyes.
7—Maryville Day at the Appalachian Exposition. Teddy R. a visitor.
10—Mr. May expounds in Literature, "Sententious—three degrees below sentimentality."
11—Seniors at Miss Callaway's.
14—Maryville defeats Carson and Newman in tennis tournament, M. C. 6, C. and N. 3.
15—Tennis tournament continues. M. C. wins "singles."
Football game, M. C. *vs.* Mooney; won by 5 to 0.
17—First number of Lyceum Course—The Hinshaw Grand Opera.
18—Professor Mathes leads Prayer meeting.
19—Professor Mathes *chaperons* the Junior Faculty on a 'possum hunt.
21—Rain.
23—Convention of colored brethren in the City.
26—Dean Waller called to New York. A rest for the weary mathematicians.
27—Basket ball game; Preps 37, College 15. Strength supersedes intellectuality.
28—Snow. Joy rides.
29—Senior Party at the Duncan home. Fences! Foot-logs! Winding paths! Starlight!
31—Hallowe'en—Class Parties. Sophs have a ghost party. Ask them about it.

NOVEMBER

1—Rev. Mr. Price, of Baltimore, leads Chapel.
Automobile seen on campus!
2—Captain "Head" Wright sprains his ankle.
3—Professor Mathes moralizes on "Hindrances to Study" at Chapel.
4—Some more moralization, "Helps to Study."
New form-fitting suit adding grace to the remarks.
7—"New pump" to assist the "rams."
8—Captain Wright appears on crutches.
"Buck" also on crutches.
10—Dr. Barnes appears in his new suit, plus the tag.
11—The tag is gone.
12—Football game at Knoxville. Yells! Songs! Star plays!—Defeat!
14—Mr. Marsh on time at Chapel. The day of miracles is not yet past.
16—Football team departs for N. C.
17—Results from Bingham game reported. Bingham 29, M. C. 0. Such luck!
18—Y. W. C. A. Entertainment—Mrs. Foglesong.
Moon eclipse.
20—Baked apples Sunday night for supper! Unprecedented!
22—First Co-ed Basket Ball game. They're winners.
23—*Schnap* Social—attendance slim—except Mr. May.
24—Thanksgiving. Was that dinner a dream?
Returns from Chattanooga game. Sad but true! M. C. 11, Chattanooga 27.
25—Fillers returns from the football trip with a suit case full of "Chat. *Times*."
26—Professor Hall gives a band concert, assisted by the band.
28—Reported from Chattanooga that one of Tom Wilson's centers had just "waked up."
29—Prayer meeting led by Y. M. C. A.

DECEMBER

1—Oyster soup for supper (?).
2—Annual football banquet at Pearsons. A "swell" affair.
3—Mr. May wears a derby.
5—Cold!—no heat in Chapel.
6—Still cold. Mrs. Perkins lectures on "Alaska." (Appropriate subject.)
7—Dr. Barnes lectures at Chapel on "Memory."
9—Ditto—"It is as important to forget as it is to remember," but the Profs disagree.
Athenian Midwinter. Mr. Shelton stars.
14—Professor Schnirel displays the silver cup in Chapel. The cup to be given to the winning college in debate and oratory for the years '10, '11, and '12.
16—Alpha Sigma Midwinter.
17—Basket ball. C. H. S. girls 13, M. C. girls 15. Didn't we tell you so?
19—Exams.
20—Same!
21—Ditto! !—*Schnap*.

AT HOME

JANUARY

3—School opens.
4—A young blizzard. Snow—coasting.
6—Faculty Reception and Schnap. Something sporty! Strawberry and peach ice cream.
8—Fillers moonshines with a new girl at church.
9—Fred Hope, '06, talks in Chapel. "Buck" *leads* the yells.
11—Frantic house cleaning at Carnegie Hall.
Dedicatory exercises held in the Chapel, followed by an inspection of the new dorm. by the *audience*.
12—Miss Caldwell escorts Miss Ruth Work from Pearsons to Baldwin at 11 p. m.
14—Double Header Basket Ball game.

M. C. Co-eds	12	K. H. S. Co-eds	9
M. C. Varsity	24	U. T. Varsity	36

17—LOST—One perfectly good green necktie. Finder will please return to Dean Waller and receive reward.
19—Professor Schnirel reads another one of his favorite Scripture passages in Chapel.
20—Bainonian Midwinter. Professor Proffitt sits on girls' side of Chapel.
24—Tempus fugits very fast.
25— " " " "
30—Dean Waller has a new picture taken! ! !

FEBRUARY

1—Something new! The Athletic Entertainment. Maryville education is fast being completed.
4—Basket ball game. Tigers 37, M. C. 21.
5—Revival services begin.
6—Dr. Elmore arrives to take charge of the meetings.
7—Rain. Measles.
9—Yet more rain—yet more measles.
11—Snow—and we thought it was spring.
14—Class pins arrive. The Seniors put on dignity.
Valentine Day.
16—The special services close. Dr. Elmore leaves us.
18—The Annual goes to print—Editorial Staff take extended leave of absence.
Staff tired—very tired—tired some more—retired.
19—Still retired.
20—Not yet heard from.

A Comedy

Annual Board Life

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Titania	*Editar-in-Chief*	Blanche Proffitt
Oberon	*Business Manager*	H. R. Duncan
Puck	*Art Editor*	Reed Shelton
Peaseblossom	*Class Poet*	Florine Hunter
Cobweb	*Associate Editor*	W. F. Buchanan
Moth	*Associate Editor*	Lula Gibbs

ACT I

Scene 1

Curtain rises

Pearsons parlor, 10 a. m. Table strewn with sample annuals and drawing materials. Titania investigating Bell Co.'s annuals. Titania looks up with glowing face.

Ti.—Oh, what a glorious annual we can have if they will only work! Oh, ye members, come to your task!

(Enter Oberon and Puck talking together.)

Ob.—That sure was a swell party last night. Boys, but that must have cost!

Puck—Yes, it was just dandy. Oh, say, did you notice how artistically the class colors were carried through?

Ob.—Hello, Titania, anything doing?

Ti.—No, but there's got to be something doing.

Puck—Oh! Just look at the annuals! Isn't this one a beauty? No, say, this one is prettier yet. Oh, let's have our cover like this!

Ob.—Better wait till you hear the cost.

(Enter Peaseblossom and Moth.)

Ob.—Good morning! Come, give us your opinions on this business.

Moth—What business?

TI.—What business? Why, the Annual, of course. Put on your thinking cap and call on all the forces of the vaulted sky, the rounding earth, and the briny deep to unite for our success.

PEASEB.—Well, what shall we do first?

(Enter Cobweb, panting.)

Say, folks, am I vewy late? I am awful sawwy, but I just had some cowwespondence wuk in connection with the Athletic Association to do and couldn't get heah soonah.

OB.—Say, these rates seem too steep for us.

TI.—Yes. And remember, we want better prints than the class got last year!

ALL—Amen!

COBWEB—Let's don't be in too big a huwwy about signing the contwact.

MOTH—Why not get another company?

OB.—Give me the dimensions so I can figure on the exact cost.

They agree on 8 x 9½. (Exeunt.)

SCENE 2

TI.—Horrors! why don't they come?

MOTH—What excuse shall we give Jasper for cutting Psych if the representative fails to come?

COBWEB—What company is he representing?

TI.—The Stone Printing Company.

(Enter a charming lady accompanied by Puck and Ob., smiling broadly.)

COBWEB, *starting up (aside)*—Great Scott! Is that him?

Curtain falls

SCENE 3

Editors at table; girls in deep thought, boys with heightened color, talking excitedly.

COBWEB—Boys, I thought you went to meet a gentleman representative.

OB. (*sheepishly*)—So did we.

PUCK—She certainly does seem charming! But we were the charms down at the station. We had watched every gentleman that got off the train. Every one seemed to know his own business. When the lady approached and asked if we were representatives of the Annual Staff, we stood there like dummies for about five minutes before it occurred to us that she was the Stone Company representative.

COBWEB—She suttainly is cha'ming!

TI.—Let's get down to business! What's your opinion of the Stone Company's offer?

MOTH—Well, I think these annuals show up well. See what clear prints.

TI.—I like her offer. What do you think, Oberon?

OB.—I like her—rates.

PUCK (*aside to Cobweb*)—Wonder how old she is!

OB. (*busily figuring*)—Here it is: 1,000 sq. in. halftones at 17c; 700 sq. in. zinc plates at 7c; etc. The whole amounting to a little less than any offer we've had. And there's pleasure in trading with this Company.

MOTH—Let's sign the contract and get through.

TI.—Get through! Get begun, you'd better say.

PUCK—Do I have to write my name?

All sign

TI.—One great step taken, one load lifted from off our shoulders. Now to get the classes and societies to work.

Curtain falls

ACT II

SCENE 1

Southern Depot, Knoxville, Tennessee. General commotion in waiting room. Countrified people rushing about seeking information. Babies crying. Oberon and Puck far in one corner, collars wilted, shoulders drooping, faces gloomy.

OB.—Advertisements? Well, yes! A whole day, and one ad. from a chicken dealer!

PUCK—Long may he live! Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

Curtain

SCENE 2

Pearsons parlor. Titania and Peaseblossom seated at table on which are tablets, pencils, etc.

TI.—Let's get the whole thing indexed this morning.

(They write industriously for some time.)

PEASEB.—Our renowned class!

TI.—Well?

PEASEB.—I was just wondering where we'd be this time next year, and if our paths would lie in pleasant ways.

TI.—I see. Life not so strenuous out of College. More time for the jolly side of life.

PEASEB.—More opportunity for us Seniors to hunt up our own good times. We have taken lessons along that line here.

TI.—A course in independence! We are able! Ah, well, our Senior knights are too earnest in the pursuit of golden deeds to notice these transitory arts of chivalry.

PEASEB.—What deeds?

(More scribbling.)

TI.—Peaseblossom! A new picture of the Dean!

PEASEB.—Is't possible? Oh, you treasure! How did you manage it? There, the table of contents complete! Let's go drink the Dean's everlasting health in a cup of cocoa.

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE 1

All members present. Boys drumming table or whistling. Girls bent over papers with knit brows. Titania turns to a pile of manuscripts and begins passing articles for inspection.

MOTH—This write-up is simply great.

COBWEB—Here's a poem that strikes me.

PUCK—Havn't they all done well?

TI.—Good! Every picture is in!

OB.—The ads. are coming too; even from the College. Here's my report.

PEASEB.—Oh, we're coming! Here's to our success.

(*Serves Cocoa.*)

Curtain

SCENE 2

Table filled with stacks of manuscript, pictures, cartoons, etc. All seated at the table.

PUCK—The great day of the wind-up has come.

TI.—I shall feel light enough to fly when it's done.

PUCK—I see the tips of your wings already.

MOTH—Here, see if this write-up is acceptable.

TI. (*reads*)—Acceptable? That is great! Blessings to thee, Moth.

(*Puck presents his cartoons. The trials of the Staff are forgotten.*)

TI.—These are excellent! I'm awfully sorry, but that Faculty cartoon must be cut out.

OB.—I'd rather have that cartoon than to have their ad.

TI.—This write-up on the Sophs must never go in. Do you suppose some Freshman did that?

PUCK—Wouldn't you like to hear what the Sophs would say about their "hen-pecked" boys?

OB.—I believe the boys would agree; but, of course, we can't afford to let it pass.

TI.—Here, this *spiel* on Hamman must be cut out.

COBWEB—You can roast Hamman as much as you like; he'll just say, "All big men have their turn at such."

MOTH (aside to Peaseblossom)—I'm afraid Titania will cut out that joke on Theta, and it is the richest. Wouldn't I like to see Mrs. Cawood read that!

PEASEB. (aside to Moth)—But if I know Titania, we'll never have the privilege of seeing such. Glad Bainonian's honorary members are not in the habit of taking things in charge.

OB.—Moth, you're a Bainonian; what does this mean?

(They look over a paper)

'Did the Bainonian editor support the Athenians'? . . . . 'bound to' . . . . 'her office' . . . .

MOTH—What on earth? Surely 't is a mistake. How could there be anything like that from the Bainonians?

PEASEB.—It would seem strange that any member of ours should be guilty of such scheming as that.

MOTH (still reading)—Struck the wrong metal at first and had to try again. Peaseblossom, do you know about that? I'm sure I don't.

PEASEB.—Yes, I know, but it had better not be published.

TI.—What a pity we can't afford to have more pages in our Annual. Just look at the good material we have left. What shall we do with it? There are some splendid things; articles that must have taken lots of time.

MOTH—Let's will it to the Juniors.

OB.—I don't care what you do with it, but I am awfully glad we had enough to fill our Annual without having to boycott those who didn't contribute.

(Song of Jubilee.)

Jokes

"Seriousness never enters my mind."—BUNNIE.

"His singing drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."—P. L.

"A sage in his books we know him to be,
To fair ones indeed he sometimes doth plead."—JOE RANKIN.

MRS. ALEXANDER—"Mr. Marsh, how far have you gotten in your reading of Hamlet?"
MARSH—"I am just coming in sight of the end."
MRS. ALEXANDER—"Are you near or far sighted, Mr. Marsh?"

"Oh, that I were twenty-one, so that I could practice law."—FRAZIER.

FRESHMAN—"What all do you keep in here?"
MURRAY—"Oh, a little of everything in the school supply line."
FRESHMAN (just after exams)—"Well then, give me some passing grades, please."

"So wise and funny, he is a circus in himself."—GIBBONS.

DEAN—"Bolton, contrast the impressions you would receive were you to look first at the mountains and then Baldwin."
BOLTON—"I don't believe I can, Professor."
DEAN—"Well, on the one hand, you see the beauties of nature —"
BOLTON—"On the other, the beauties of Baldwin."

"When exams are nigh, she's sure to sigh
About the wasted days.
Then cram and cram for exam
But find it never pays."—DALE.

FILLERS—"Why is it that girls are always kissing one another?"
JULIA—"Because they do to one another as they would that men should do unto them."

"Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather."—LULA.

MISS GREEN (in Zoölogy)—"Mr. Gibbons, what is the biggest bug known?"
GIBBONS—"Humbug."

"Tell him I love him yet,
As in that joyous time.
Tell him I ne'er forget,
Though memory now be crime."—RUTH NEWELL.

PROSPECTIVE BUYER OF CHILHOWEAN—"Yes, your Annual is a creditable publication, well gotten up, but it lacks that richness characteristic of College life and spirit."
SENIOR—"Oh, that's easily explained, you see all the material goes to press by way of 'Mathes' Cream Separator.' "

"She weeps alone for the pleasures not to be."—MAUDE.

"Woe is me."—FLORINE.

"Companionless as the last cloud of an expiring storm, whose thunder is its only knell."—ANNA.

FOR SALE—Twenty-nine Theses, in good shape, never have been used.—APPLY TO SENIOR CLASS.

ACT I—FRESHMAN: "Comedy of Errors."
ACT II—SOPHOMORE: "Much Ado about Nothing."
ACT III—JUNIORS: "As You Like It."
ACT IV—SENIORS: "All's Well That Ends Well."

PROF.—Compose a sentence using the word *each*.
STUDENT—Professor, does your head ever "each?"

WANTED—An opportunity to tell all I know and enlighten this dark old world.—SIMS.

OLD GIRL—"You will have to pay $2.00 laboratory fee."
NEW GIRL—"Oh, does every one have to buy a laboratory?"

"My mother-in-law is dead,
And for her my heart does yearn.
She's with the angels now,
She was too tough to burn."—TOM, 1920.

ED—"You say you admire snap, in what particular?"
CO-ED—Oh, the exercise is so embracing."

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move him,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?"—LOY.

My meaning in saying he is a great man is to have you understand me that he is sufficiently large.—HOLMES.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."—P. R. G.

"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books, or surely you'll grow double.
—LENA.

"And to his heart he inwardly did pray for power to speak."—PENCE.

DEAN WALLER—"We can't get away from work. However, we're all as lazy as we dare be."
MAY—"Dean, you certainly have plenty of nerve."

"Every phrase well oiled as man's could be."—HAMMAN.

"Oh, that this too — too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."—MAY.

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say."—BLANCHE.

"For if she will, she will,
You may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't,
So there's an end on't."—LUCILE.

"Rest, Rest, let me Rest!
I have no thought but Rest!"—BLISS.

"I have done my duty and I have done no more."—GEORGE.

BAKER—"Miss Gibson, do they have Fraternities at Western?"
FRANCES—"Why — er —, no, they have Sororities."
BAKER—"Is that what they call girls' Fraternities?"

"Into her dream he melted as the rose blendeth its odor with the violet."
—FRANCES.

"Women are but overgrown babies, therefore Belle is a woman."

AFTERWORD

The raging winds are gone to rest, have spent their will;
Smoulder the blackened embers on the hearth.
Low has the candle burned, has flickered out;
Now all is darkness, all is still.

The task is ended; work is done; the shaft is hurled
Far and yet farther and without recall.
Gone is the day; only its work remains;
Must live to bless or curse the world.

Our hearts' best effort have we given, nor can tell
What outcome. Be lost the ill, the good abide.
So fold we up the remnants, we are through.
Depart we, whispering farewell.

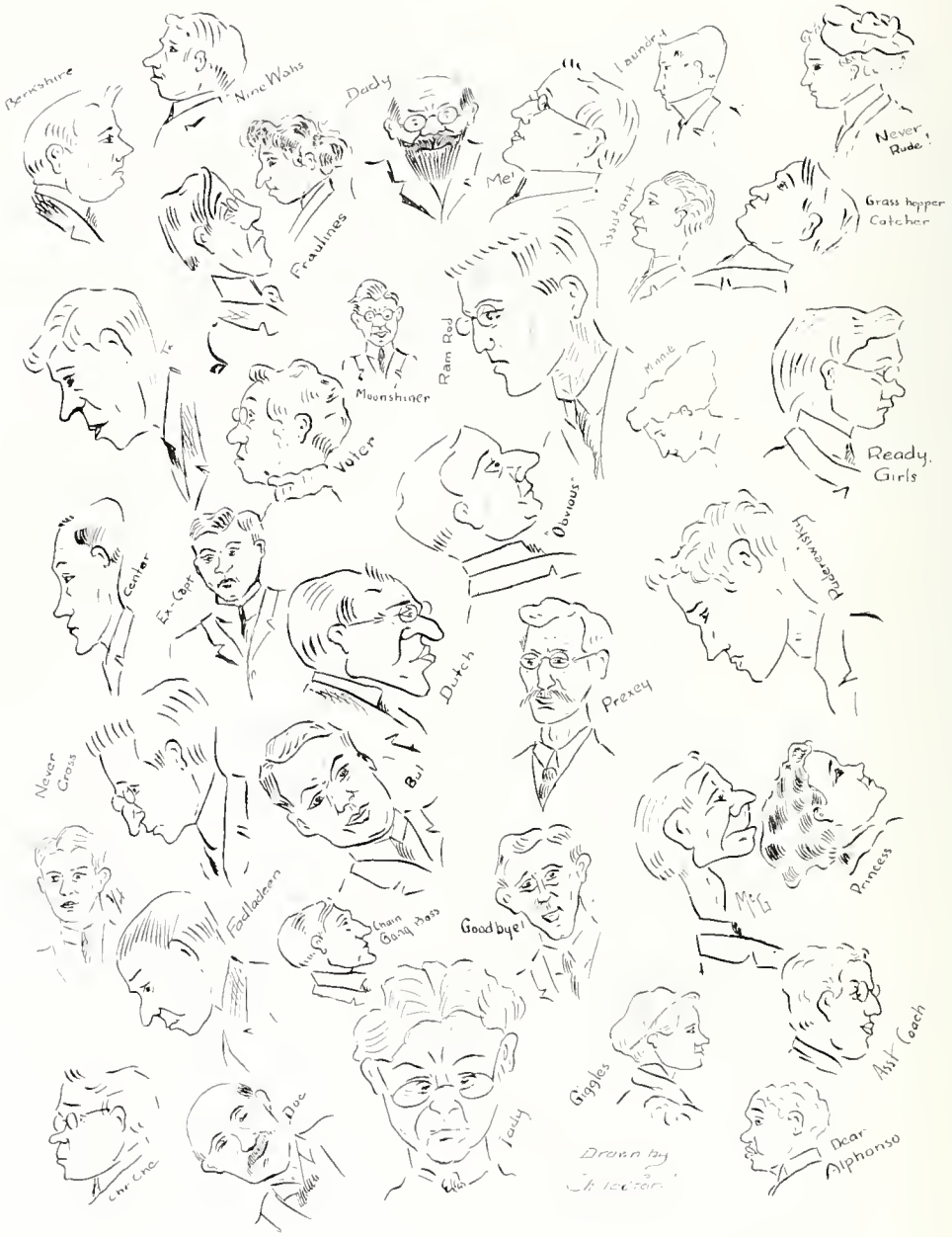
Table of Contents

Board of Directors 6
Faculty 8
Foreword (Poem) 15
Senior Class 18
Senior Song 35
Four Years in Maryville College History 36
1911 Class Poem 38
A Senior Ghost Story (Poem) 39
Junior Class 42
The Picture Composite (Poem) 45
Sophomore Class 48
Hymn to a Freshman 50
Sophomore History 51
Freshman Class 54
Autobiography of a Note Book 56
Fourth Year Preps 62
Third Year Preps 63
Second Year Preps 64
First Year Preps 65
The Astronomy of Maryville 66
Literary Societies:
- The Athenian 70
- Banonian 73

History 75
A Banonian View (Poem) 77
Alpha Sigmaists 78
Junior Section 80
To the Dutch Quartette (Poem) 82
Farewell Time Has Come (Poem) 83
Religious Organizations 88
Y. M. C. A. 89
What the Y. W. C. A. Means 92
Maryville College Somerset "Y" 95
The Passion Play 96
Rev. Edgar Alonzo Elmore 99
Athletics:
- Board of Athletic Control 102
- Football 104
- Basket Ball 108
- Baseball 103

Publications 118
Graduates in Music 121
Clubs:
- "Senior" Faculty 124
- Good Housekeeping 125
- Cold Water Brigade 126
- The Real Racket Club 127
- Atlanta Club 128
- The Bachelor Girls 129
- High Street Minstrels 130
- A Bunch of Daisies 131
- Sky Scraper Club 132

Calendar 134
A Comedy 137
Jokes 142
Afterword (Poem) 146


Berkshire
Nine Wahs
Dady
Laundry
Never Rude!
Me!
Assistant
Grass hopper Catcher
Fraulines
Ram Rod
Moonshiner
Voter
Ready, Girls
"Obvious"
Center
Ex-Capt
Dutch
Prexey
Never Cross
Bul
Princess
Fadladeen
Chain Gang Boss
Goodbye!
Asst Coach
Giggles
Doc
Tady
Dear Alphonso

WHO'S WHO

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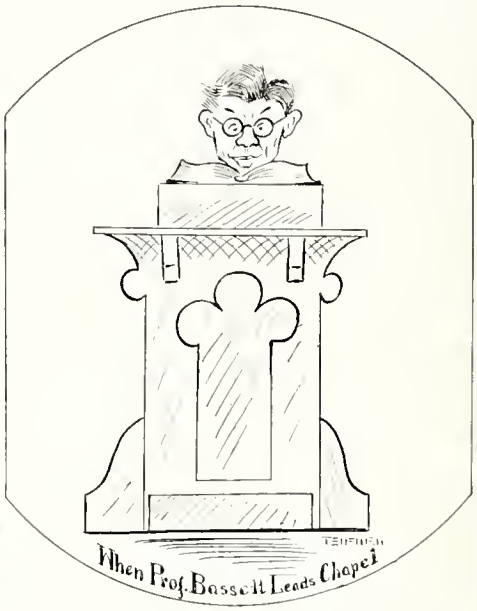

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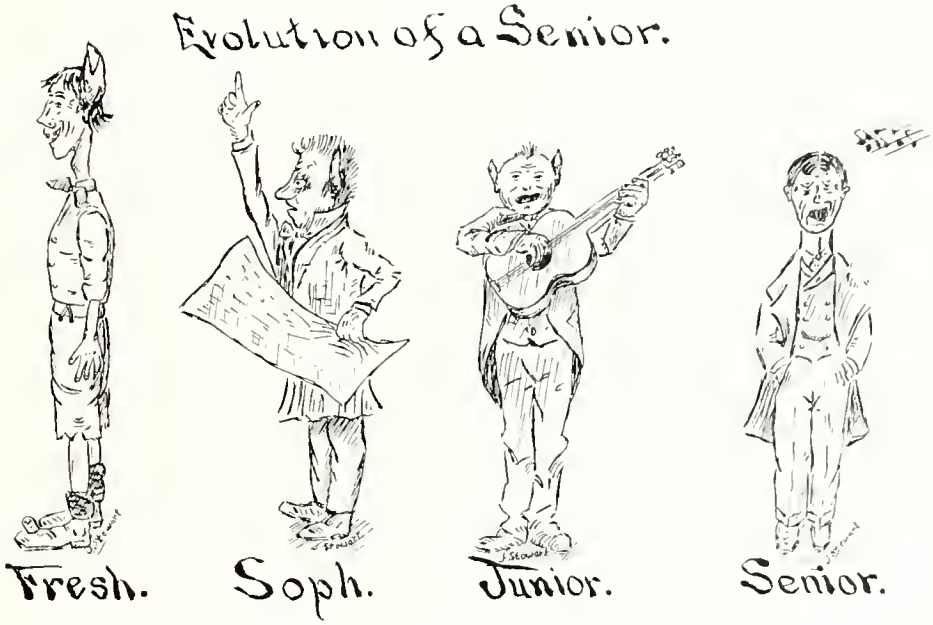

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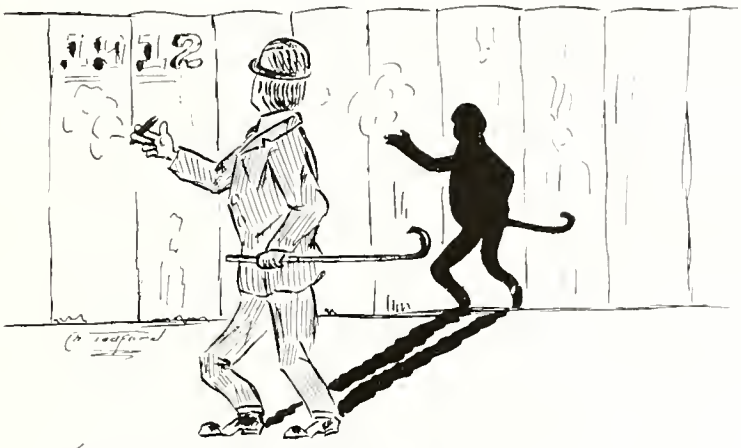

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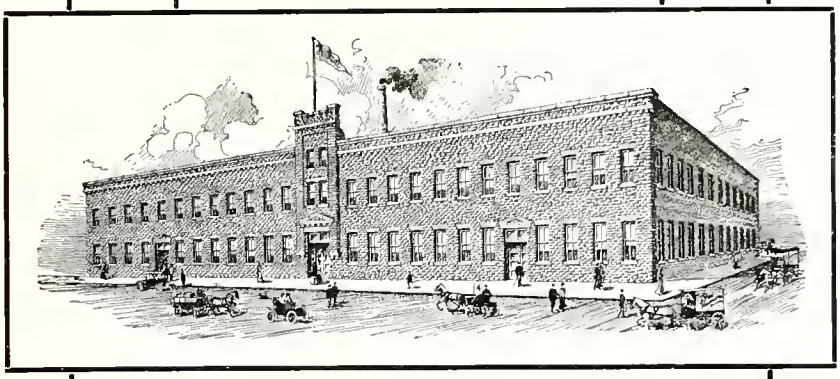

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